The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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General Beaver can't pitch a curved ball.

President Cleveland is playing havoc with undeserving pension bills.

Taffy on a stick—the Prohibition clause in the Republican platform.

The Temperance plank in the Beaver platform can be soaked with water or whiskey, or both, just as suits the campaigner.

Reports from the west speak of continued drought which is doing damage to the crops.

It is reported that Gov. Curtin will retire from political life at the expiration of his congressional duties.

Gen. Beaver in politics is like a little boy astraddle one end of a plank: now he's up and then he goes down.

The speech delivered by Gen. Butler at the Knights of Labor pic-nic, at Bellefonte, on 3rd, was considered a very rank affair.

We are informed that the fellows who failed to get on the slated Republican state ticket have been urged by the bosses to apply to Congress for a private pension promising to back 'em up.

Suppose a chronic kicker on Democratic local and county offices be placed on the ticket for prothonotary, would not all who pleased be justified in kicking? and why should such a kicker be thus favored, is it that class that keeps up the party? Say.

Beaver is on the Republican ticket as a bait for the temperance vote, while Norris is on to catch the liquor vote, and is an inveterate guzzler of the ardent. The platform is made to suit whiskey or water, as well as those who mix whiskey and water. A Wolf is terribly disturbing the bungling patch-up.

In another column we print a letter from Gov. Curtin announcing that he will not again be a candidate for congressional honors. His constituents will regret this, as he has been one of the most prominent and useful members of the House, and could have been re-nominated and re-elected. His letter, however, fully sets forth his reasons, and the Governor's place in congress will be hard to fill.

Among the announcements this week will be found the card of Hon. C. T. Alexander for senator. Mr. Alexander was in the senate one term, and served his constituents faithfully, and should he again receive the nomination, the interests of this district will be well taken care of. All remember the dead-lock and the unpleasantness that arose in the last conference for the nomination of senator, and that Mr. Alexander, to produce harmony magnanimously withdrew his name as a candidate, an act which will be gratefully remembered in his favor.

The innocent purchasers of Bohemian oats notes, at Fort Wayne, are down in the mouth. A test suit was tried in the Allen circuit court that proved disastrously to the note holder, and the farmers who bit at the oats deal and gave their notes are very happy over the result. The oats, sharpers, however, who sold the oats and the notes received, are not to be found.—South Bend, Indiana, *Times*.

In two or three months the agony will begin in Centre county—Bellefonte bankers tell us paper to the amount of $10,000 to $15,000 will have to be met soon, which will be an index of the amount for which our people have been bitten by the swindle.

The political pot is beginning to boil its hash in this county. Curtin's rumored retirement from politics has put life into new movements on the chessboard. Alexander has announced himself for senator and it is said Meek has also made up his mind to enter the same race. Spangler has put his head on the congressional pillow. The candidates for prothonotary are circling around, making use of every moment to put in their licks.

The Republicans are quiet but looking on with a watchful eye hoping to profit by the Democrats blundering in making an unsatisfactory ticket, in which event they expect to get off with the offices. They are hoping our party will do a foolish thing and nominate men whose record will be a dead weight. We hope the Democrats will be equally concerned to see that no men are nominated, especially in this time of danger, who can be proven guilty of falsehood, trickery and low treachery, and thus spoil the calculations of the Republicans. Democrats, beware of a weak ticket at this time.

GOV. CURTIN TO RETIRE.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* says:

It is understood here that Gov. Curtin will decline a re-nomination to Congress. He has been pressed considerably by his leading constituents and has been wavering between his duty to his party and his own personal inclination. His many friends here have besought him to make the race again, but he has evidently determined to retire to private life after this term. He is preparing an address, which will be issued in a day or two to his constituents, in explanation of his position. This step has been taken after mature consideration. The Governor feels that he is growing old and politically war-worn. The wear and tear of the onerous round of official duties are growing too much for him. His desire is to finally lay aside the burdens of public life and seek the rest which age and failing health demand and which cannot be found as a member of Congress.

The old familiar form of Pennsylvania's War Governor will be greatly missed. He has, by his splendid qualities of head and heart, endeared himself to a larger circle of friends at the national capital than surrounded any other member of the House of Representatives. He is beloved by old and young alike and even his political enemies will be sorry for his decision.

"WHO KIN LICK GEN. BEAVER?"

A Republican, the other day, asked us the above question. As a "licker," Gen. Beaver has never been a success. His first run was for Assembly in 1865, when his opponent, Fred'k Kurtz, was elected by 142, in spite of the General's military record, and at a time when the county was close. The General only gained some 25 or 30 over the party vote.

He was "licked" once in the Republican state convention for the nomination for Auditor General, and once for the nomination for governor. Afterwards he was nominated and was "licked" by Pattison at the polls. He was also "licked" for U. S. Senator.

And still a Republican will ask us, Who kin lick Gen. Beaver?

Wm. A. Wallace can do it.

Chas. R. Buckalew can do it.

Possibly that Chaunney Black can.

Gen. Beaver never was hard to "lick," and he is not as strong as his party, altho' we would prefer him to any other Republican for governor. If he was a worse man, he would stand better in his party.

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania will assemble at the Opera House, in the City of Harrisburg, at 10 a. m., on Wednesday, August 18, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Auditor-General, Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Congressman-at-Large.

The convention will consist of 359 Representative Delegates, selected under the rules of the party from the respective Assembly Districts of the State, one for each 1,000 Democratic votes cast for Governor at the preceding gubernatorial election; or for a fraction of 1,000 such votes, amounting to 500 or more, in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate.

Up in Pinegrove, we are informed, a Democrat was obliged to have a tussle with a Republican on account of the removal of the latter from the post-office. It is truly wonderful how hard these Republicans die, they want to hold on to offices by force, even after fairly defeated. This is strange, but if it had happened down this way, one would have found Democrats queer enough to bargain to keep the Repubs in office, and then have the cheek to ask the Democrats to nominate them for prothonotary, or some other office.

The Republicans mentioned for nominations, so far as we have intimation, are, James Milliken for congress; J. G. Love and J. P. Coburn for assembly, and John T. Johnson and Geo. M. Boal for prothonotary. Pretty good material, it is true, but the Democracy can, if they will, match 'em.

Mr. J. L. Spangler announces himself as a candidate for congress, in this issue of the Reporter. Since Gov. Curtin has declined further congressional honors, it is perfectly fitting that the Democracy of Centre presents a new name for the place, as every county in the district has done the same thing. As there will be none to contest the matter with Mr. Spangler, the compliment may as well fall upon his shoulders as not—he fought for the party through many a battle and a pleasant recognition of this kind is always well spent upon deserving ones.

Most of the editors of this state spent last week in an excursion to the seashore. There is no rest for the wicked, the poor devil had to stay at home to wash rollers and sling the lye brush.

CURTIN'S LETTER.

To the Citizens of the Twentieth Congressional District:

Having contemplated for some time my retirement from Congress at the expiration of my present term, I now announce to the citizens of the Twentieth Congressional District that I will not again be a candidate for re-election.

I make this announcement now in answer to the many citizens of the District, of different political parties, who have written me asking that I again allow my name to be used.

The office of Member of Congress is not a sinecure. I am constantly pressed with duties and engagements which I try to fulfill, but which have too often failed from the impossibility of success. Among these, not the least onerous and painful, are the numerous applications for official position, where success is possible under the most favorable circumstances only to a very few.

It has happened also that the claims for aid in obtaining pensions made on me, not only by the surviving soldiers resident in Pennsylvania, but by those who have left the state, have added very largely to my labors. I need not say that I have willingly responded to these calls from the men who offered their lives for the preservation of the Government; and I may be allowed to add that my efforts in behalf of this most deserving class of our citizens, not only in the Bureau of Pensions, but in my place in Congress, aided sometimes by my own personal knowledge and testimony, have not been fruitless.

And here I desire to express especially my deep gratitude to the surviving soldiers of the District, who, with remarkable unanimity, have earnestly and enthusiastically sustained me. Their confidence, given to me early in the war, has never been withdrawn, and one of the most grateful reflections of my life is that I shall retain that confidence and friendship until the end.

Another very gratifying memory of my public life in State and Nation is, that I have tried to deserve, and have received in full measure, the confidence and support of the industrial people of my District and of Pennsylvania, and this is the more gratifying because in every public and private act and utterance by which I have sought to advance the interests and welfare of our workingmen, they have been advised that only in the supremacy of law and order, and by the maintenance of the rights of person and property, can labor find its just security and reward.

Honored as I have been so often with important trusts during the last third of a century, I can not close this announcement of my withdrawal from Congressional life without again expressing my grateful sense of obligation to the people of the District and State of my birth, amongst whom I have always lived, and by whom I have been supported and sustained with a constancy and devotion which I can never forget. Very respectfully,

A. G. CURTIN.

Washington, July 10, 1886.

LATE NEWS

They are going to bore for oil at Renova. You can bore for oil anywhere.

The Farmers' hotel and stables, at Philipsburg, Pa., were destroyed by fire on Tuesday night. Loss $2,500 over insurance.

A disease like glanders has broken out among horses in some sections of Illinois. Many of the animals are being shot.

From Iowa only a half a crop of wheat is reported. California will have a larger crop than ever.

Horrible murders and suicides all around.

A riot between Catholics and Protestants in Belfast—the military had to be called out.

One hundred houses have been destroyed by fire in the town of Koden, Province of Siedlic, Poland. Three hundred families out of a total population of 2,500 have been rendered homeless.

Any one sending us the name of a cash subscriber for one year will get a credit of three months on his subscription, and three months premium will also be allowed the new name.

NATURAL GAS DOING AWAY WITH COAL.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 8.—The use of natural gas in the manufactories of the city has done away with the consumption of 187,850 bushels of coal a day. In 250 working days, which is considered a year by manufacturers, the whole amount of coal displaced would run up to 37,450,000 bushels. Calculating 100 bushels to be an average day's output for a coal miner, it would take 1,600 coal miners to dig this coal, but altogether the use of natural gas has thrown 5,000 men out of work in this region. It required the use of 633 railroad cars to transport the black diamonds.

DESTITUTION IN TEXAS.

The people of Wise county, Tex., have petitioned Governor Ireland to call an extra session of the Legislature to provide relief for the people in the drought-stricken sections of the State. Thousands of acres of school lands have been sold to settlers in the drought district. They have made first payments on their farms, and must make second payments during August or lose their land and what they have already paid. The crops are utter failures. These settlers have not even raised enough for next year's seeding. Many of the heads of families have left for the east in search of work to earn enough money to make the August payment on their homes, and an extra session of the Legislature, it is hoped, will extend the time for these payments and make an appropriation to purchase seed for new crops for the destitute families.

THE TICKET NAMED.

THE ENTIRE SLATE GOES THROUGH, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ROBERTS.

Beaver Named by Acclamation.

Harrisburg, June 30.—The Republican State Convention has done its work and this is the result:

Governor, James A. Beaver.

Lieutenant Governor, William T. Davies.

Auditor General, A. Wilson Norris.

Secretary of Internal Affairs, Thomas J. Stewart.

Congressman-at-large, Edwin D. Osborne.

This is the slate ticket, with the single exception of Osborne, Dr. Roberts, the Titusville millionaire, having been wanted by the party managers for the money he would throw into the campaign.

As anticipated, General Beaver was nominated by acclamation. Then came the contest of the day over the Lieutenant Governorship. Chris Magee's forces were well organized and confident, but they fell just short of the mark. Of the 251 votes cast Davies had 127½ and Montooth 122½ and George H. Imes 1. Davies had exactly one vote and one-half to spare. The contest could hardly have been closer, but the slate won. A. Wilson Norris was nominated for Auditor General on the first ballot, receiving 142 votes to 108 for Grimeson, and Stewart went through for Secretary of Internal Affairs without the slightest difficulty. He had 162 votes. Dosch followed with 52, Keller with 27 and Kaufman with 9.

Then came the anticipated struggle for Congressman-at-large. Two ballots were required before Osborne was nominated and then it was done by one of those stampedes which frequently occur in conventions. Changes of votes to him started a movement which could not be stopped and the old soldier feeling, stronger than that for "boodle," hurrahed their candidate through. It was the only defeat of the day for the slate-makers, if, indeed, it was a defeat at all.

The usually meaningless platform is of importance this year because of the liquor prohibition agitation and the probability of Wolfe's leadership. The temperance question was a puzzling one to deal with, and it has been disposed of in a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the convention that the Legislature should provide for its submission to a vote of the people. This means in the shape of a constitutional amendment, which must first be adopted by two consecutive Legislatures before it can come before the people for adoption or rejection. The plat-form favors the regulation of inter-State commerce, denounces imported labor and has a strong protective tariff plank. Hereafter there will be no Senatorial delegates in the Republican State Conventions.

NOMINATING BEAVER.

After the formalities of organization were gone through with, after the recess, and General Wagner, the permanent chairman, had read the convention a short lesson on political ethics, he took the reins as if he meant buisness. Colonel Hastings, an Adonis in form, stepping out into the main aisle, in measured terms, a sonorous voice and a vigorous brandishing of adjectives and metaphors, presented his hero, Beaver. MacAvoy, of Philadelphia, jumped up before the peroration of Hastings' panegyric had fairly left his vocal organs, moved to nominate by acclamation.

In speaking of the last Prohibition convention at Bellefonte, the *Republican* says: "The convention was a tame affair, smaller and less enthusiastic than former county conventions." Still we are told by our prohibition friends that the prohibition sentiment is growing stronger and will be an important factor in the coming county elections. It seems as though it were the opposite. Instead of being a live issue it is only kept alive by a few energetic individuals, either for the novelty of the thing or more likely for the sake of having their names apppear in the county papers, which to some is the greatest event of their life. The Prohibition party may be a success some day, but we fear, like the millenium it is a long time coming.

DAKOTA'S WHEAT CROP.

Millions of Bushels Damaged by an Extensive Hail Storm.

Chicago, July 2.—A special dispatch from Fargo, Dakota, says: Reports received the past day or two from a great number of points in the No. 1 hard wheat region are much less favorable than heretofore. Outside of Cass and a few river counties, serious and rapidly increasing injury from drought is reported. The rains have been mostly confined to limited areas, some places looking well and others very poor. Unless there is a general rain very soon, the crop in the Northwest will be cut short several million bushels. Damage from hail is more extensive than has been supposed. In portions of Walsh, one of the finest wheat counties, hail has completely ruined scores of fields of from 200 to 300 acres each. Roger Allen, who lost 740 acres, says the hail fell to the depth of 5 inches, and he could have run a boat over his farm. The fields in the path of the storm looked as though the crop had been cut with a mower and water turned on. The destruction of all crops touched is total.

CENTRE COUNTY PROHIBITION.

Pursuant to a call issued by the county members of the State Central Committee the Centre county Prohibition convention was held in the hall of the W. C. T. U., at Bellefonte, on Tuesday, June 23, at 10:30 a. m. After devotional exercises J. Zeigler, of Milesburg, was elected chairman and George W. Ganoe, of Philipsburg, secretary. About sixty persons were in attendance including ladies. After the chairman read the county call a committee of three was chosen to nominate eight delegates with their alternates to attend the State Convention and reported the following:

Delegates: S. S. Lyon, J. Zeigler, George W. Ganoe, C. Buck, C. W. Rishel, G. W. Krumbine, C. Dinges, R. B. Hartman.

Alternates: A. J. Shivry, John Kimport, John Wolf, Wm. F. Floray, James H. Lohr, Wm. P. Fisher, Henry Musser, C. E. Murray. They were elected.

The committee on resolution s offered the following preamble:

Inasmuch as the resolution passed by our Prohibition brethren of Butler county in their convention held on the 9th inst., fully express our sentiments and political standing, and in order to facilitate the business of this convention, and at the same time showing the unanimity of spirit that exists between us, therefore be it unanimously resolved that we endorse the same with some modification of resolutions Nos. 4 and 5, and such additions as are herewith given.

Whereas, The drink traffic is the greatest crime producer of the age, imbruting and degrading men, pauperizing and degrading homes, breeding insanity and idocy; the potential cause of Sabbath desecration and all social evils, and annually sending a hundred thousand American citizens to drunkards' graves;

Whereas, The terrible traffic is sanctioned and protected by law, making the Government a participant of the crime, and, in its revenues from liquors, a receiver of blood-money;

Whereas, The suppression of this gigantic evil has become the supreme political as well as the moral issue of the day and

Whereas, The Prohibition party is the only political organization which favors and is seeking such suppression; therefore,

Resolved, That we adopt the following platform as expressing our political views and principles:

1. We propose to go out against the licensed drink den—the deadly enemy of everything good in the home, in the church, in the state—with our ballots as well as with our prayers and teachings.

2. We re affirm our allegiance to the Prohibition party, State and National, to the end that law and government shall be arrayed against, instead of for, the drink crime.

3. We express our sympathy, and profess our hearty co-operation with all temperance workers, and invite them to think and act with us, that the way out is to vote as we pray, to vote with the party aiming directly at the overthrow of the gigantic evil.

4. That the interest manifested in this Convention by the women, and their presence here, is inspiration and great encouragement to our deliberations that their hitherto unparalleled success under divine leading, has made the W. C. T. U. a potent and controlling factor in this war against rum, and that we most cordially accept their help in the overthrow of the blight of curse of strong drink; that the weakness of woman is supplemented by Omnipotent energy, and their mode of action suggested by that Wisdom which knoweth the end from the beginning, and that in their co-operation with us, we recognize forces and influences which we often lack, and without which our final success would be longer postponed.

5. That, whereas, the diminution of places licensed to sell intoxicating liquors has by our present Judiciary been effected, we feel like congratulating the ladies of the W. C. T. U. for the advancement made in the temperance cause, which they by their untiring efforts were chiefly instrumental in accomplishing.

6. We invite the labor forces of the land, now widely discontented, and not without cause, to consider whether it will not greatly improve their moral, social and financial condition by voting the saloon "down and out."

7. We take courage to go forward by the rapid growth of the Prohibition party. And invoking upon the movement the continual blessing of the King of nations; we appeal to the enlightened judgment of fellow citizens and invite the vote of all Christain men against the social and moral pest house of the day, the drink den.

8. We are in favor of national prohibition, and we demand of our Legislature the immediate and absolute prohibition of the importation, manufacture, sale and use of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

The report was adopted.

J. Zeigler, C. Buck, C. Dinges, George W. Canoe and S. S. Lyon were constituted a committee to nominate a full county ticket at some future date.

A. J. Shivry, J. R. Graham and John Wolf were chosen Senatorial Conferees. C. Buck, S. S. Lyon and Dr. F. G. Maltern were elected Congressional Conferees. Hon. A. A. Barker was chosen as the first choice of the convention for Governor. A county committee consisting of two members of each election district was elected as nearly as could be supplied. J. Zeigler was chosen chairman and C. Dinges secretary of the committee.

A campaign fund of $50 was raised. Mrs. E. Blanchard, corresponding secretary of the W. C. T. U., favored us with very cheering words, saying they were with us in our work and wished us God speed. Mr. Baker gave us a stirring little speech during the day in which he said, "we are not fighting the old parties, but whiskey." In the evening he spoke to a large audience in the rink. It was the most successful convention we have yet held in this county and all indicates to a very aggressive campaign this fall.

THREE HUNDRED DESTITUTE FAMILIES.

Cisco, Tex., July 8.—So severe has the drought become in Shakleford county that the inhabitants are abandoning their cattle and homes and migrating eastward, begging their food as they go. No rain has fallen in 14 months. There is not an acre of wheat, corn or oats in the county. Stackleford county was settled mostly by people from Eastern States, who came to Texas in good circumstances. Their cattle have died, their crops have burned up and their farms are unsalable. Without food and almost without clothing they are trying to make their way back East. Three hundred families are destitute.

CAVE-IN NEAR WILKESBARRE.

Wilkesbarre, June 30.—Between 5 and 6 o'clock this morning an immense cave-in about 300 feet long and 150 broad occurred on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at No. 8 Stockton Mine, near Hazleton. There was a terrible crash and the shock was felt for some distance. Three tracks, on one of which were three trucks loaded with lumber, were swallowed up, and two large buildings used as storehouses totally disappeared. The cave-in presents the appearance of the crater of a valcano, the huge hole over 100 feet deep, having sloping sides like a funnel. Had the accident occurred an hour later a frightful calamity would have happened, as an excursion train crowded with passengers was due at that time. Work was at once commenced laying tracks around the hole. The cave-in was caused by the giving way of the roof in some old abandoned workings 300 feet below the surface.

MAXWELL DENIED A NEW TRIAL.

St. Louis, July 7.—Judge Van Wagoner, of the Criminal Court, to-day overruled the motion made recently by Maxwell's attorney for a new trial. As soon as the prisoner shall have been sentenced an appeal will be taken to the Supreme court. If this shall prove unsuccessful the case will be taken to the U. S. Courts on the ground that the State law which allows the prosecution more challenges of jurors than the defense, is unconstitutional.

THE INTERSTATE PICNIC.

The Interstate Grangers' picnic exhibition will be held at Williams' Grove, commencing Monday, August 18, to continue one week. The display of machinery will be greater than ever, and the conveniences of the ground are of such a character that any one can feel perfectly at home. The ground is located on an island in the Yellow Breeches creek, on the Dillsburg and Mechanicsburg Branch of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, thirteen miles southeast of Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania. It is 35 miles in extent, thickly studded with grand old forest trees, and near the centre is a magnificent spring of ice cold water bubbling up and forming a lake of more than an acre. Last year the attendance was estimated at 150,000. Farmers were present from 20 different states. The attractions this year will surpass those of former exhibitions.

SHE WILL WIN YET.

Ireland has lost the battle? Not at all. On the contrary, her chances for winning it is just as good as ever, perhaps better than ever. When a boy is coasting he may run over a hump half way down the hill, which throws him, sled and all, into the air; but if he has a good grip he comes down, with a terrible shock, to be sure, and yet hardly loses his speed at all. Ireland is just now going over the hump, but she will keep on the sled and reach home rule safely at last. One very important fact is made clear: For the first time Ireland has made her appeal to the public opinion of the United Kingdom. The appeal is the only subject on which votes are being cast, and there is no side issue to distract attention. Shall she have local antonomy or shall she not? That is the question to which Mr. Gladstone asked an answer. So far as we can judge of the verdict, very nearly one-half of the people of all classes have decided in the affirmative.

SUSTAINING VETOES.

The Democrats Standing by the President.

Washington, July 8.—The vote of the House yesterday on the question of reference in the test pension case may be taken as fairly indicitive of the policy to be pursued by the two parties hereafter in relation to the President. It has been freely and emphatically charged of late by a few of the leading Democratic papers, that the President is swinging farther and farther away from his party, and alienating its members more and more by these vetoes, by his devotion to the civil service reform, etc. The reverse is true. The President is being sustained now as never before by the Democrats in Congress. In yesterday's test vote, he practically carried the whole party with him, and it is anticipated that he will do so in all the subsequent votes upon the vetoes, and that consequently all of the latter will be sustained. The Republicans, on the other hand, will make all the capital they can out of the vetoes. It remains to be seen how much Republican support the President may lose by his recent action, but there is no doubt that he has strengthened himself greatly in the ranks of the Democracy.

ATTACKED BY A BULL.

A Vicious Bovine Nearly Kills Mrs. Samuel Walker.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Samuel Walker, of Nittany valley, met with a painful and what may yet prove to be a fatal accident. While driving some cattle from the barn she was attacked by a vicious young bull. Although the animal was hobbled, he traveled pretty lively and overtook the lady before she could reach a place of safety. Her cries for help were of no immediate benefit, as there was no person except a young girl in the house, all hands being out in the fields at work. The bull, with head down and roaring furiously, rushed for Mrs. Walker and, striking her in the side, prostrated her. The enraged animal then proceeded, in a manner characteristic of that brute, to do all the harm possible. After repeated lunges, using his head as a battering ram, and stamping the poor woman, who was nearly dead with pain and fright he left her long enough to crawl, bleeding and almost powerless, to the stable, where she was found about half an hour afterwards in an unconscious condition. She was wrapped in blankets and carried to the house. Dr. Holloway, of Salona, was summoned, and found that three ribs were broken, aside from other injuries—internal—the extent of which could not be learned owing to the condition of the unfortunate woman. At latest accounts she was still in an unconscious condition and grave fears of her recovery are entertained.

LATER.

Mrs. Samuel Walker, of Nittany Valley, died at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning from the effects of her injuries. Mrs. Walker was about 45 years of age and leaves several children.—Clinton Democrat, 8 inst.

A Maiden's Dreams.

No foot-fall wakens the mansion
  Asleep in the sun's warm rays,
The Lady Clare is aweary
  Of silence and lonely days,
Love's magic of late has stolen
  The charm from her life's still ways.

She turns from her book, and rises,
  To gaze from the casement low,
The languorous lily perfumes
  Towards her on soft airs blow—
White lilies! Ah, once she loved them,
  She gathers red roses now.

Oh, when will the noon be sunset,
  And over the green hillside,
And up through the beechen shadows
  The lover she looks for, ride?
And when will this life be ended,
  And bring the bright life untried?

While thus she waits in impatience,
  Naught guesseth the Lady Clare,
That sweet as are love's red roses,
  Full often a thorn they bear,
And the new life that seems so joyous
  May bring with it weight of care.

Perhaps in the years that follow,
  When cares press heavily,
And the thorns have pierced through the roses,
  Then, all her dreamings will be
  the old, sweet life 'mid the lilies,
In maidenhood blithe and free.

BEWARE OF WIDOWS.

It was a typical winter day. A fine, powdery snow was falling, and a fringe of icicles adorned the steep gables of barns and farmhouses. The big trees along the roadside rattled and shook dismally.

But in spite of the cheerless prospect, Malvern Travers whistled cheerily to himself as he breasted the driving wind and made his way through the dry, fast-falling snow towards his home.

"I'll put it under her door to-night," he was saying to himself, with a smile in his hazel-brown eyes.

Here his meditations were interrupted by the sudden opening of the door as he reached the threshold, and by a sharp voice exclaiming:

"Hurry up, for pity's sake, Malvern, and don't be a-letting the snow into the house."

And Malvern obediently hurried in as he answered with a smile:

"No danger of that, Priscilla. There's not a snow mountain."

"There's mighty nigh it, then," growled his sister-in-law. "But you don't seem to mind a-tramping over to the post office in such a storm, and all for nothin' I'll be bound. Get any letters?"

"No," returned Malvern meekly.

"I told you so," retorted Mrs. Priscilla in a tone of triumph.

She was a worthy woman and wielded the domestic sceptre in her bachelor's brother-in-laws establishment with wisdom and moderation.

But as there is no rose without a thorn, Mrs. Priscilla's really excellent qualities were rather dimmed by the possession of a sharp tongue.

"I told the truth," smiled Malvern to himself as he sought the privacy of his own apartment. "She didn't ask if I got a birthday card, so of course I wasn't obliged to tell."

And carefully taking a large, square envelope from his overcoat pocket, he drew out the card and examined it carefully.

It was a very pretty card, with a fancy border surrounding a wreath of forget-me-nots and orange-blossoms, which encircled a pair of doves with silver wings, represented as billing and cooing affectionately.

On the reverse side was a simple couplet in print.

"As to the oak tree clings the vine,
So my true heart will cling to thine."

The *simile* was not a very appropriate one: but in Malvern's eyes it was the pink of excellence.

He was a very bashful man—so bashful in fact, that he passed his thirtieth birthday, and was still a bachelor.

This fact was a thorn in the side of his sister-in-law, and many and sharp were the lectures she had delivered to him on the subject; but alas! with no avail.

He could have shouldered his musket and gone into a battle without a tremor; but when it came to make love to a pretty girl, his heart and nerves both failed him. And yet Malvern—poor fellow—was in love.

He had of late mustered up sufficient courage to escort Electra Feversham and her stepmother (a widow) to church, and to a picnic or skating party or other merrymaking on several occasions.

But to his misfortune he it told he found it easier to pay attention to the elder lady than to the daughter, and, as a consequence, the gossips of the town had begun to connect his name with that of Mrs. Ignatia Feversham, much to their own amusement.

Now Electra was the prettiest girl in the village, with her sloe-black eyes, and cheeks that matched the scarlet chrysanthemums she wore in her nut-brown hair, while her stepmother was a showy and not an uncomely woman, with a sharp eye to the main chance, and no decided objections to adopting some other name in the place of Feversham.

Malvern Travers, though bashful, was not wanting in decision, and he had recently determined that if he could only be reasonably well assured that Electra would not refuse him, he would manage to "make her an offer" in some fashion.

* * * * *

It was the morning before Electra's birthday, and Electra was baking hard in the kitchen.

Her stepmother believed in early breakfasts, and Electra was up before daylight on the short winter mornings.

The savory odor of broiled ham greeted Mrs. Feversham as she came briskly clicking down stairs, a plaid breakfast shawl hugged tightly around her shoulders.

"Ahem! is that snow sifted under the door?" she asked herself, as she reached the bottom step.

A closer inspection assured her it was not.

"Why, it's—it's a birthday card."

And hastily seizing the missive she stepped into the parlor to examine it privately.

"For Electra! Well, I declare! Who's it from I wonder? There's no harm in opening a birthday card, so I'll just see what it is."

And carefully prying open the envelope, Mrs. Feversham beheld a tastefully-decorated sheet of rice-paper, on the inner side of which were some written words, which she proceeded to read:

"MISS ELECTRA.—I shall pass your home at sunrise to-morrow morning; it is your birthday. If I see your face at the window, I shall take it as a sign that you are willing to accept my card.

Yours sincerely,
MALVERN TRAVERS."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Ignatia grew red in the face as she comprehended the purport of the words. "So it is her he's been coming to see, hey? I'll have a finger in that pie, Mr. Malvern Travers! I'll take charge of this document myself. And it won't be Electra's face you'll see at sunrise!"

And carefully secreting the paper, she hurried out to the warm dining-room and the waiting breakfast.

An hour or two later, Mrs. Feversham, arrayed in her second-best things, appeared in the kitchen, where Electra was mopping the floor.

"I'm going over to see old Mrs. Dimity. I heard she was ill," she announced. "And I shan't be back to dinner, so you needn't mind cooking any. There's enough left over from breakfast for you."

And Electra made no comments, having better discretion than to question anything her stepmother chose to say or do.

It was a short time after the dinner-hour when Mrs. Feversham returned.

"The old woman's pretty ill, an' I promised that you might go over an' stay all night, an' set up, if need be," she informed her daughter. "You can walk easily enough, for the snow ain't very deep."

Electra had no objections to make, and it would have made no difference if she had, as her will was seldom consulted.

Old Mrs. Dimity lived with her son and a little grandson in a small but cozy cottage situated in the very heart of the woodland.

She welcomed Electra cordially, but disclaimed the need of having any one to sit up with her.

"But I'm glad to have some one to talk to," she added, "and to look after things a little."

Electra and Mrs. Dimity chatted for awhile, when the old lady fell asleep, and after a time her little boy Sammy came back from an excursion in the woods."

"Look a-here," he cried, "what I found in a tree."

And drawing a crumpled paper from his pocket, he laid it in Electra's lap.

"Miss Electra Feversham."

Why, it was her own name! And with some natural excitement she examined the contents of the envelope.

A birthday card from Malvern Travers! Electra's cheeks burned as she read the written words.

"But how could it have got into the tree?" she wondered.

Sammy could throw no light on the subject, except that he had climbed a tree after a squirrel and putting his hand into a hollow of the trunk, he found the paper.

"And now I shall not be at the window to see him!" thought Electra, with a pang.

Then the thought came into her mind:

"Could she have been sent away on purpose?"

And suddenly the truth flashed over her—her stepmother had discovered the card and secreted it!

Electra felt a thrill of indignation at the thought.

"It must be so," she declared. "But I will let him know somehow."

It was growing late, and Electra was getting supper in the little kitchen, when the other boy, Tom, came stamping the snow from his feet.

He was not alone, for Electra could hear him talking in loud, good-humored tones.

Presently the kitchen door was flung wide open, and Tom was saying:

"Walk in, Malvern, and get a good warm 'fore you go."

Then to Electra he said:

"Here's some chicken-jelly an' elderberry wine, Malvern has brought to mother; his sister sent 'em. I'll just turn 'em over to you; fur I'm in a hurry. Stay to supper, Malvern."

And away he rushed.

But Malvern did not stay to supper. He stayed long enough, however, to learn that Electra intended to remain all night, and that she would have to walk home in the morning.

"Let me come and take you home in the trap," he urged.

And Electra consented.

Mrs. Feversham looked vainly from her window at sunrise the next morning. No living creature appeared. But a couple of hours latter she was more surprised than pleased to behold her daughter and Mr. Malvern Travers driving leisurely up to the house.

"Well, I declare!" she began angrily, when the latter had driven away.

But Electra coolly drew out the intercepted card, and exhibited it to her astonished stepmother, who thereupon concluded it would be wisest to hold her peace.

Truly, the ways of Cupid are past all finding out, and the mischievous little god has many and divers expedients for assisting the course of true love to run in a smooth channel.

Provided They Got Up Safely.

Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of a Cornish mine. Professor Farash, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit. On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner for a fellow-passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way up from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket; "and we shall change this one to-morrow, if we get up safe."

—Joe Davis, 2.17¼, has been sold for $6000 to Charles Burroughs, a wealthy resident of Dayton, O.

Stage Robbing.

Two stage robbers in jail at Madara, California for operations in the Yosemite Valley have been visited by many people and questioned as to their career on the road. Both men are fully identified as the individuals who stopped a coach last fall and relieved the passengers of their valuables. Both claim that this is the only robbery of the kind they ever participated in, but under the influence of free cigars they confessed that they had certain friends and acquaintances who had some experience as road agents, some of them on the Yosemite trail.

"For a man who wants a real good business and an easy sort of a life," said Tolman Terhune, one of the prisoners, "I would advise him to go to work on the Yosemite route. Living is comparatively cheap and good in that vicinity, and stages are just plenty enough—not too plenty, but just enough. You don't want to tackle every stage that comes along, for that would spoil the whole thing. People would not ride, and after while there would be no stage at all. You must let the recollection of one 'hold-up' kinder fade out of mind before you spring another on them. When a 'hold-up' hasn't occurred in two or three months drivers get kinder careless and passengers take greater risks.

"My observations have convinced me that there isn't anything in this world that the majority of people fear more than a road agent. It's all moonshine, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and the boys in the business have to be very careful, or they will stampede all the game.

"There's more or less science in doing up a stage, I can tell you. Your mind must be on things present and things prospective. You must work it so you can eat your cake, or a good part of it, and have it, too.

"Now, I had a friend that once did business on the Calaveras road. He was a hog. He wanted everything that came in his way, and he took it. The result was that before many weeks elapsed the stages were all taken off but one or two, and the drivers of them used to go over the route alone very often. One time my friend sprang out in front of the stage and ordered the driver to throw up his hands, which he did. Then my friend went around to the side of the coach to interview the passengers, and he found that there wasn't a soul in the gig. It made him mad, of course. So he went back to the horses, and, noticing that the driver was smiling, he remarked; 'I've a notion to slice you up for playing this trick on me.'

"'What trick?, says the driver.

"'Why didn't you tell me you hadn't anybody aboard?'

"'Because you didn't ask me.'

"'Well, what have you got?' said my friend to the stage driver; 'come shell out.'

"The driver didn't have anything but a little whisky, and he gave the agent some and took some himself. Then they got to talking, and after awhile my friend got up on the box and rode five or ten miles with the driver just to keep him company, and to hear what he had to say. The driver was one of those observing fellows, and he gave the agent some good advice. Says he:

"'You have ruined the business on this road, ruined yourself, and ruined the company. Nobody travels here anymore. You have scared them all off. Now you might as well git yourself, too. There's no money here, and won't be till you restore confidence. You can't work a stage line without confidence any more than you can a banking institution. You must clear out of here and stay out, and when the arteries of trade open up once more then you can come back if you want to, but you mustn't be too enthusiastic. You must hold up a stage and then take a rest. Go over to San Francisco for a few weeks and enjoy yourself. Mingle in society and seek diversion. Then when you feel like it come out and take another crack.

"Well, when I left the stage driver—I mean when my friend left him—he knew a good deal more than he did before, and I have heard that he profited by it to some extent. At any rate he made fewer hauls, but they were bigger, and he had a good deal less wear and tear.

"Now, there is no danger in stopping a coach. Did you ever hear of a stage robber being killed? I never did and I have been on the coast for thirty years. Nobody kills a road agent. In the first place the passengers are too scared, and in the next they are so almighty anxious to have the thing over with that they do not think of anything but complying with the demands made upon them. It is as safe a business as preaching, and safer than preaching in some towns that I know of. I have heard an acquaintance of mine, who operated in the northern part of Oregon, say time and again that some of the gentlemen whom he invited to shell out made him feel ashamed of himself by giving up things that he would never have thought of asking for. One man, I remember, he told me about in particular. He was standing in the row with his hands up and his teeth a chattering, and when my friend came up to him and pulled out of his vest pocket a little wad of money, not over $6, the fellow, evidently fearing that some dire punishment would be inflicted upon him in case he did not pan out as well as the others, told the robber he had more money in his trunk, which was strapped on behind. Well, of course my friend had to get that money, and that took time, but he found it right where the fellow told him it was. He would a good deal rather gone on without overhauling the trunk, but since the man told him that there was money in it, he would never have rested easy after that if he had not got it.

I know dozens of just such experiences. I had a cousin operating on the Yosemite road, over near where I was rounded up, who took more pleasure in the business than any man I ever heard of. He enjoyed the fun of the thing, and he often used to say to me that, as between robbing a stage and going to a minstrel show, he would take the former every time. Now that, you see, was because there was absolutely no danger in it. He was an experienced man, and knew that the thing was safe. I honestly believe that if, when he was going through a stage load, somebody had fired off a gun, he would have fainted away, not so much from fright as from surprise.

"My cousin was considered a very good man in his day. He had an air of authority about him and a voice that could be heard a mile in the mountain air. When he said 'Hands up!' hands went up, and no driver ever dared move a peg when he heard him remonstrating. Yet he was downed once, and by a woman, too. He stopped a stage load of people from New England, and there was a schoolma'am in the crowd who wore spectacles and was a good deal more angular than any of the women they raise out here. When he ordered 'hands up' he didn't notice that she refused to obey, because she was down at the footof the line, and he didn't pay much attention to her anyway. As he proceeded along the line, working the different victims as he went along, he noticed that her arms were behind her, and that she was a slender old girl. So he said nothing until he came to her. Then throwing all his power into his lungs he yelled, 'Hands up" Well, she put her hands up. She had one of those Cape Cod umbrellas, with whalebone ribs as big as your finger, and when she raised her hands she clutched that umbrella with the grip of death, and down it came on my cousin's head. He told me he saw double for a wee'e after that and for the time being he was nearly knocked out.

"It was a mighty ticklish moment. As I have said, you work a coach load easy by terrifying them and getting away before they recover their self-possession. Now, here was a woman who had not lost her's at all, and if the men at the other end of the line ha had an opportunity to think for a moment they would have been on top of me—I should say on top of my cousin—before he could get out of the way. But he was a clever chap. He just drew a big gun and sailed up to the other end of the line looking very ferocious and muttering something to the men about never robbing a woman. They took on a fresh fright and did not understand fully what had happened. He then gave the order to mount and covered the crowd as they got into the coach. The schoolma'am was the last one in, and she was the only one who was not robbed. Now I'll bet those fellows felt cheap when they heard her story and found that she had not lost anything.

"That's the whole secret of this stage business. No stage robber who is fit to follow the road ever kills anybody. He may shoot at times, but not to kill. Whenever you hear of a stage being fired into and lots of people hurt, you may make up your mind that some gang of hard men are at work. No professional does anything of the kind.

"I'm sorry I've got into this difficulty just now. The season opens in about two weeks.',

Tougher than Pie Crust.

"That horrid Mrs. Sawyer!" said Mrs. Jones, the other day. "I wish she would move out of the neighborhood."

"Well, what do you run there all the time for? I told you how it would be," retorted Mr. Jones.

This was not the kind of sympathy Mrs. Jones expected, and she became ominously silent.

"What has she said about you now?" inquired Jones."

"Oh, it is nothing about *me*," said Mrs. Jones indifferently.

"Who is it about?" asked Jones with evident anxiety.

"It's about *you*," resumed Mrs. J. "She says you're no more fit to run for office than a brindle cat, and that if Sawyer votes for you she'd never speak to him again; she says——"

"Never mind," said Jones loftily. "I'm not the least interested in anything a feeble-minded, gossippy woman says."

But the flatiron had struck home, and Jones left the table with a look on his face that boded no good.

It was baking day at the Sawyers.

If there was anything Mrs. Sawyer prided herself upon, it was the tender, flaky quality of her paste. Jones knew this.

Mrs. Sawyer was just rolling that tender pie-paste into great sheets of transparent dough, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Sawyer answered it, rolling-pin in hand. It was Willie Jones who had knocked.

"Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the innocent child, "pa would like a piece of your pie-crust."

"Certainly, Willie," said Mrs. Jones, much flattered, "but it isn't baked yet."

"He doesn't want it baked."

"But he can't eat raw pie-crust."

"He isn't going to eat it."

"Then what is he going to do with it?"

"He said he wanted to mend the harness, and make hinges for the barn door with it' and——"

The rolling-pin hung fire, and the boy escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than pie-crust.

A Young Hungarian Girl's Debut.

Eighteen years ago there appeared for the first time on the stage of the great Berg theatre in Vienna—a theatre which is to Germany what the Comedie Francaise is to France—a young girl of not more than 15 years of age, the daughter of humble parents. For a moment the audience sat spellbound at the charming, blushing picture before it, and then, before the debutante had spoken one word, broke into a perfect storm of applause. That night Vienna had a new sensation. The people at the clubs, cafes and society were wild.

Next morning the young Hungarian girl woke to find herself famous as Janish, the favorite ingenue of the Austrian emperor's own theatre. Adored by the public, and with men of the highest distinction in the world at her feet, it would have been extraordinary if a woman, even so wonderfully gifted as Janish, had lost her head; but by a rare chance fate willed it otherwise, and the great actress, to see whom crowds flocked to the theatre each night, remained in private life the same gentle, unassuming, modest girl that she had been when she accompanied her aged grandmother to early mass each morning.

FASHION NOTES.

—The most fashionable combination of color in millinery is heliotrope and moss-green.

—Charming gowns for brides have trained skirts trimmed with flounces of white embroidered silk, intermingled with shell plaitings of white satin edged with Valenciennes lace.

—A very pretty garden-party dress for a young girl is of pale lavender gray faille d' Alsace shot with maize. The back drapery is lined with maize satin. Straw hat, trimmed with yellow roses and foliage.

—Another has a skirt of embroidered nainsook, bodice and tunic of corn-colored canvas dotted with poppy-red sash and bows of poppy-red canvas ribbon, chemisette of white lace, garden hat of embroidered nainsook with red bow.

—Coronet bonnets are gaining in favor. Coronets of flowers and beads that are quite pretty are shown. Moss and fern leaves, with slightly curling ends, are arranged in this way, and jet coronets are more sought after than others.

—English brides wear pointed Chinese shoes of white satin with the insteps covered with a fine rich embroidery in white satin stitch, the designs outlined with pearls. The long undressed kid gloves are decorated with an embroidery to correspond.

—White Milan straw bonnets simply trimmed with clusters of pale mauve or cream white flowers, placed in a high monture upon the front of the bonnet with narrow satin loops and strings to match, will form one of the chic and dainty bonnets par excellence for dressy wear this summer.

—A walking-dress is of mastic-red, cinnamon and green checked silk, edged with a plaiting of green Scindia crepe; bodice and tunic of Scindia crepe, trimmed with green velvet and bows of ribbon velvet; chemisette of cream Indian muslin, hat of coffee-colored embroidered gauze, with brim of green velvet.

—Very stylish and becoming jerseys are made of extra light-weight stockinette, very soft and fine, in pale cream color, trimmed with revers of golden brown velvet and fastened with a row of medium-sized buttons of bronze. The jersey is short on the hips and has a coat back, the revers on the postilion faced with the velvet.

—Another is of woolen tissue goods. The skirt is composed of two materials, the front being plain and the back of flounced tissue. The front is almost covered with two pieces cut in points, plaited at the waist and crossed and held with a bow of ribbon. The back is straight and falls in large plaits, and at the sides are placed two panels, which are braided. The corsage is round in the back and pointed in front, and closes diagonally.

—The prettiest hats are decidedly the Louis XIII, trimmed with bows of black ruhan, jets, and a yellow bird in front. Sometimes the whole of the crown and trimming is veiled in white point d'esprit tulle, and others with black. In both cases they are very becoming. The Spanish hat is now covered brim and crown with pampilles of jet. On the left side is placed a large bow of exceedingly fine Chantilly lace, in the midst of which are placed pale pink and crushed tea roses.

—Still another is of striped and plain woolen goods. The false skirt is covered with a striped one, over which is a drapery of the plain material, which is long and draped high on the sides and trimmed on the right side with braid. The back drapery is trimmed the same. The corsage is Breton style, and opens in front over a vest which is traversed with braid, the deep collar being trimmed with same. The back of the jacket opens at each seam over plaits ornamented with braid. The straight collar and sleeves are also trimmed the same. Hat of straw, snuff color, trimmed with velvet, ribbon bow and aigrette.

—Some of the new wraps are chiefly original as regards the sleeves, a tendency toward the wider shapes being observable. Some are made with the pagoda sleeves hanging loose from the arm, and displaying bright colored surah linings under the net or canvas materials which form the sleeves themselves. A number of new French tea-gowns are shown with these sleeves, which have a certain grace but are by no means utilitarian, but act rather as a hinderance to exertion of any kind, and make sad havoc with the delicate egg-shell China and soap-bubble glassware which go to make up the dainty adornings of my lady's "high-tea" table.

—Young girls' costumes are usually made up of the soft wool fabrics that are now so numerous and beautiful in design and coloring. Nun's veiling seems to be the favorite material, however. A very pretty dress for a miss is of cream-colored veiling and blue figured velvet. The skirt is ornamented at the bottom with three rows of the velvet in diminishing sizes, and is rounded and closed in on one side under a small panel of figured velvet, and a fine plaiting is placed at the bottom. The back drapery is long and without trimming. The corsage is new in design and very stylish. It is open in front, showing a small chemisette of surah bordered with figured velvet collar, and the fronts are laced with a silk cord, forming a knot on the right side.

—Bodices continue to be as varied in style as during the season past, and each particular shape is designed for especial wear. For instance, the trim jacket-bodices are seen upon utility costumes, the pointed corsage very high on the hips, very long and pointed front and back, and cut either square or half-low in the neck, is used in full dress toilets, and for demi-toilets are cutaway bodices, with Continental or Fedora vest, round waist, with natty belts and ribbon attachments; and habit-bodices opening over guimpes and chemisettes. The most elegant and expensive toilets of black lace thus far imported are made of nets and laces in French patterns which closely imitate the handsomest Chantilly thread-lace designs.

HORSE NOTES.

—There are over one hundred 2.30 stallions living.

—St. Julien is running out without shoes in California.

—McLeod is being driven on the road now by his young owner.

—Harry Wilkes will start in the free-for-all class at Pittsburg.

—The match-race for $500 between Lizzie R. and Edwin A. is off.

—Jack Phillips is said to have lost money on Felix at Island Park.

—Ben Woodmansee has returned to Anoka, Minn., from California.

—John Burgess, of East Orange, N. J., has purchased the b. g. Sailor Boy.

—The North Hudson Driving Course dates for a meeting have been changed to September 8 to 10.

—Ben Ali has been on the ailing list for several days, and it is doubtful if he faces the flag again for weeks.

—Charley Foster and Judge Lynch, the pacers, will have a match race for $2000 at Cleveland during the circuit meeting.

—The Dwyer Brothers have won twenty races and $48,795 so far this season. Ed Corrigan has won thirty-three races and $39,415.

—Mr. Fred M. Walton purchased lately in Vermont, a stylish sorrel gelding, 15 hands 3 inches high, and 5 years old. He showed three heats better than 2.50, and it is claimed that he should go close to 2.35. He is by General Morgan, out of a Mayday mare.

—W. R. Kendall, of Worcester, Mass., has sold the ch. m. Blue Belle, 2.26¼, to A. J. Feek, price stated $5000, and Feek has in turn sold her to William Moesinger, of Frankfort, Germany, where she has been shipped. She showed a mile in 2.21 for Feek the first time of asking.

—There is talk of a match between Volante and Troubadour, to be run at Chicago, before July 12. If this match is not made there will probably be a sweepstakes race, $1000 entrance, with Miss Woodford barred, which it is thought would bring together most of the cracks of the season.

—Mr. Baldwin says he will match Volante against Miss Woodford for $10,000 a side, on the basis of the Queen conceding 5 pounds to the California horse. He states, further, that he will allow the Dwyers the choice of ground, and will send Volante to any Eastern track that may be designated by the other party.

—After the race for the Coney Island Cup, which resulted in a dead heat between Barnum and Miss Woodford, the Dwyer Brothers offered to divide the stakes, but Mr. Woodford, the owner of Barnum, refused, and insisted on running the race over again. Report has it that the Dwyers surrendered the whole of the stakes rather than submit their favorite mare to another such ordeal through the mud.

—Canker of the foot is one of the most intractable diseases with which the veterinary surgeon has to contend. It is a disease somewhat analogous to cancer in the human subject. A true cancer, however, is supposed to have its origin in remote parts; hence the great difficulty in curing it. Dr. Carpenter teaches that "cancerous growths possess a remarkable analogy with the parasitic fungi, which develop themselves in the interior of vegetable and even animal structures; and the supposition long ago entertained that cancer might be regarded as an independent growth of corresponding nature does not now appear so extravagant as it was at one time considered. There can be little doubt that a cancerous tumor of any size may be developed from a single cell, and it is probable that the origin of such growths in parts distant from their primary centre, is to be traced to the conveyance of cancer cells, or of their germs by the circulating current; so that it seems very difficult to draw a line which will separate such independent growths on the one hand from the ordinary tissues of the body, and on the other hand from structures really parasitic. It is interesting to remark that blood vessels cannot be traced in these productions at an early period of their formation, but that they make their appearance, as in the normal development of the tissues, at a later date." In the horse it is considered to be an abnormal development of the ordinary tissues of the foot; for were it otherwise it could never be cured. If, however, it appear in other parts of the body, which is a rare occurrence, and assumes a malignant aspect, it may be defined as true cancer. A common antecedent of canker is thrush; its seat is the hind-feet, occurring in horses of coarse breed, with ill-sphaed hoofs and diseased frogs that always emit a fetid odor. In such animals there seems to exist a peculiar diathesis favorable to the production of canker, which, on the occurrence of a simple injury to the foot by the accidental introduction of a nail, or from any other existing cause, is immediately followed by an extraordinary morbid growth.

Treatment—Our first business is to remove the shoe and cleanse the foot with a weak solution of chloride of soda; the principal part or the morbid growth is then to be dissected off. If any hemorrhage follows it can be arrested with pledgets of lint, saturated with tincture of muriate of iron, or any other styptic; next, sprinkle the whole surface with powdered bloodroot—*sanguinaria canadensis*—then apply a dressing of strong pyroligneous acid, and by means of pledgets and bandages keep a continued pressure on the parts. The foot must must be dressed in this manner for several days, occasionally washing it with a solution of alum, sulphate of zinc, or some vegetable astringent—infusion of oak or bayberry bark, should these remedies fail, try the following: Take a saturated solution of common potash, into which stir a sufficient quantity of finely pulverized oatmeal, to form a stiff paste; apply this to any fungous growth, and it will disappear in a very short time. The dressing should be followed by one composed of linseed oil and lime water, equal parts.

A LIBERAL OFFER.

ive Thousand Dollars to any Charitable Institution,

IF IT CANNOT BE DONE AS IT IS STATED.

Rochester, N. Y., Union and Advertiser.

Friends of Ex-President Arthur are very much disquieted.

Of course he is not going to die! He is in the hands of a very particular physician.

His doctor does not call it Bright's Disease! No, it is stomach disorder that he is suffering from now, and every few hours he takes a cold, and from time to time many other symptoms are developed. These symptoms the public should know are really secondary to Bright's Disease.

His physicians say that everything that medical skill can do for him is being done.

This is not so.

This case is a prominent one because the general is an ex-president; and yet there are thousands of farmers quietly dying, in their farm houses, of secondary symptoms of Bright's Disease, called by every other conceivable name; thousands of workmen, likewise dying, leaving helpless families; hundreds of thousands in all walks of life who have sickened, and are likewise dying, helpless victims of powerless physicians.

Eight years ago a very well known gentleman was about to enter upon large commercial transactions. His medical adviser quietly dropped into his office one day and told his confidential clerk that he would be dead in three months, and that he ought to settle up his business affairs at once!

That man is alive and well to-day, yet he was given up as incurable with the same disease that is killing General Arthur!

Our reporter met this gentleman yesterday and in conversation about the General's case, he said:

"I will give $5,000 to any charitable "institution in the state of New York, "to be designated by the editor of the "New York *World*, the editor of the "Buffalo *News* and W. E. Kisselburgh "of the Troy *Times*, if Warner's safe "cure (taken according to my directions) which cured me eight years "ago, cannot cure General Chester A. "Arthur of Bright's disease from "which he is suffering."

"Now I want you to understand," he said, "that we do not profess to "to make new kidneys, but we do "know from personal experience and "from the experience of many "thousands of similar cases, that we "can stop the consumption of the kidneys. Many a man has gone through "life with one kidney without inconvenience. Thousands of people have "lived a majority of their life with one "lung. They did not have a new lung "made. We do not make new kidneys, "but if the kidney is not consumed too "much we can stop disease and prolong "life if taken in time."

This offer comes from H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, of this city.

Mr. Warner also said, "My dear "sir, there are governors, senators, "presidential candidates, members of "congress, prominent men and women "all over the country whom I personally know have been cured of disease, such as General Arthur suffers "from, by our Warner's safe cure, but "owing to the circles in which they "move they do not care to give public "testimonial to the fact."

Mr. Warner is interested in General Arthur's case, because he is personally acquainted with him, and he says that it is a shame that any man should be allowed to die under the operation of old-fashioned powerful cathartics, which have no curative effects, rather than that a modern, conceded specific for kidney disease, whose worth is acknowledged world-wide, should save him.

"If you doubt the efficacy of Warner's safe cure," say the proprietors, "ask your friends and neighbors about it. This is asking but little. They can tell you all you want to know."

"We have kept a standing offer before the public for four years," says Mr. Warner, "that we will give $5,000 to any person who can successfully dispute the genuineness, so far as we know, of the testimonials we publish, and none have done it."

Were General Arthur a poor man, unable to be left "in the hands of his physician," he would use that great remedy, as many thousands of others have done, and get well. How absurd then for people to say that everything that can be done is being done for the ex-president, when the one successful remedy in the world that has cured, or that can cure a case like his, has not been used by them.

A curious feature of the National museum in Washington is the zoological section, or the department devoted to birds' eggs. It has about 42,000 birds' eggs, packed away in little trays placed in cases along the walls of the building. The eggs in the collection vary in size from that of the tiniest humming-bird to that of the giant bird, whose remains are found in Madagascar. There is a little egg of a tiny humming-bird lying in a diminutive nest. The humming-bird that made the nest and laid the egg is the smallest bird in the world. The little egg has a length or long diameter of three-hundreths of an inch. The nest is one-twentieth of an inch across one way, and ninety-two one-hundreths the other.

The Chief Roadmaster of the French Government railways says the best plan yet discovered for consolidating, by the interlacing of its roots, the loose soil of newly made embankments is the double poppy. It germinates in a few days, and in two weeks grows enough to give some protection to the slope. It is an annual, but after the first year sows itself.

Wood worms can be destroyed in books and woodwork by benzine. Books are locked up in a cupboard with a saucer of benzine. Furniture and carvings are placed in a tightly closed room with an open dish of benzine. New woodwork can be protected against their entry by a coating of glue.

M. Pasteur is believed to have solved the question of the preservation of wine, which has long been a matter of great difficulty in France, and for which salicylic acid was used till it was prohibited as a penal offence. Now however the discoveries of M. Pasteur have shown how wine may be safely preserved without the addition of any chemical whatsoever. After minutely studying the microbes which cause the fermentation in wine or the deterioration of its quality, notably the microbe that imparts a bitter taste to Burgundy, M. Pasteur discovered that all mischief could be prevented by simply warming the wine for a few moments. Boiling is not necessary—a heat of 132° to 142° Fahr. is sufficient, but of course the wine must be kept in closed vessels, and no air allowed to approach. For private persons who are doubtful about a few bottles of wine nothing is easier than to carry out this method. If the bottles are well corked, it suffices to immerse them in a saucepanful of cold water, which must be gradually warmed up to about 140° Fahr. This will completely destroy the germ within the wine without in any way injuring its flavor and quality.

The age of paper appears to be approaching. Among the innumerable things made from this material is that of pipes. The process is as follows: Strips of paper, the width of which corresponds with the length of one pipe section, are drawn through melted asphalt, and wound upon a mandrel. When the pipe thus made has cooled, the mandrel is withdrawn, and the inside is covered with a kind of enamel, the nature of which comprises the main secret of the invention, and is therefore not made known. The outside is painted with asphalt varnish, and dusted over with sand. It is stated that such a pipe will resist some 2000 pounds internal pressure, though the thickness of the stuff is only about one-half inch.

Important.

When you visit or eave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Confession of the Late Dr. Dio Lewis

Thousands of people all over this country will hear with keen regret of the death of Dr. Dio Lewis. For many years he has been the inspiration of good health to thousands and has ministered comfort to those who would very sadly have missed his cheering words. Dr. Lewis was one of the most genial and inspiring of men. He did not believe very much in taking medicine, making hygiene a great hobby and insisting that if a person would live right there would be little necessity of medicine; and yet in 1883, his candor above all things else being noticeable, he said, "If I found myself afflicted with a serious kidney disorder I would use Warner's safe cure." Adding, "The truth is the medical profession stands dazed and helpless in the presence of more than one kidney malady, while the testimonials of hundreds of intelligent and very reputable gentlemen, hardly leave room to doubt that the proprietors of that remedy have fallen upon one of those happy discoveries which occasionally bring help to suffering humanity. I am not so narrow that I cannot gratefully recognize the precious value of relief in the form of medicine." Dr. Lewis met with an accident which injured him so that erysipelas set in and carried him off. His testimonial, coming as it did from a free, frank and open heart, is a very important confirmation of what so many thousands have said of the remedy he so highly commended.

If the white of an egg is used instead of water for mixing the mustard, the plaster will not blister the most delicate skin.

Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was, in the last stages of Consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friend then purchased a bottle of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, which benefited me. I continued until I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

Elastic paint is simply an ordinary paint to which a little rubber dissolved in benzine has been added.

The farmers, in their swamps, we're sure,
Could find the roots and plants that cure
If by their knowledge they only knew
For just the disease each one grew.
Take courage now and "Swamp-Root" try—
(for kidney, liver and bladder complaints)
As on this remedy you can rely.

To drive rats away, pour some bi-sulphide of carbon into their holes. Get the stuff at the drug-store, and be careful in handling it.

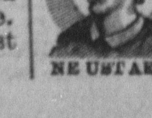
Catarrh is a very prevalent and exceedingly disagreeable disease; liable, if neglected, to develop into serious consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, effecting a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. 100 doses $1.

Don't farm in ruts. Shake yourself up. Look about you. You may learn something, even from Peter Tumbledown.

You will get more comfort for 25cts. in Lyon's Heel Stiffeners than in any other article you buy.

Don't trim a young tree after the leaves have put out. Do it *before* or expect a stunted growth.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.



WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 83 Mercer St., New York

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

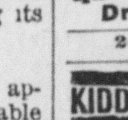
100 Doses One Dollar

JAMS TABLE SYRUP, Sweet Pickles, **JELLY** Vinegar, Catsup, Preserves, Canning and Kraut-making for farmers' wives, mailed Free with every dime pack of Fall Turnip seed (any kind.) PAPER OF WINTER BEETS THROWN IN. JAMES HASLEY, Seed Grower, Madison, Ark.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE or FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY. A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial packages Consultation and Books by mail FREE. Address Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

26 479

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.



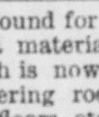
FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 37 N. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book



Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, *By John B. Gough.*

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." it sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted,—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Pay Freights. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.



12 DOLLARS each for New and Perfect SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Sent on trial if desired. Buy direct and save $15 to $35. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE circular with 1000 testimonials from every state. GEO. PAYNE & CO. 44 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

A new use has been found for jute in the manufacture of a material called "asphalted jute," which is now largely used in Europe for covering roofs, isolating damp walls and floors, etc. It is adapted for use on farms in making tight reservoirs, or in the construction of bridges, and is of value in any case where a material is required that is at once strong, impermeable and cheap.

A Pennsylvania court has decided that the transfer of credits and debts by telephone is as valid as that by word of mouth, in which there is no actual evidence in writing on the transaction.

"Oh, wad some power, the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves, as ithers see us!"

Few women want to appear sick, and yet how many we see with pain written on every feature, who have been suffering for months from female weakness, and who could easily cure themselves by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," to be found at any drug store. This remedy is a specific for weak backs, nervous or neuralgic pains, and all that class of diseases known as "female complaints." Illustrated, large treatise on diseases of women, with most successful courses of self-treatment, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Handsome apples are sometimes sour.

Thomas Carlyle,

the great Scotch author, suffered all his life with dyspepsia which made his own life miserable and caused his best and truest friends not a little pain because of his fretfulness. Dyspepsia generally arises from disease of the liver and as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all diseases of this great gland, it follows that while all cannot be Carlyles, even with dyspepsia, all can be free from the malady, while emulating his virtues.

Little and often make a heap in time.

Unequalled—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Never allow a request to be repeated.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease lasts four times as long as any other. Use it, and save your horses and wagons. A trial will prove that we are right.

Let self abnegation be the habit of both.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Mothers if you want the little ones to have a fine head of hair, free from dandruff and other scalp affections, use the only natural hair renewer, Carboline, made from pure unrefined petroleum and guaranteed the prince of all hair renewers.

If you must criticise, let it be done lovingly.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties.* It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

A good wife is the greatest earthly pleasure.

A GOOD rule for baking potatoes is to wash and boil them in the usual way till nearly done and then finish by baking. They are whiter and more meally than when baked the old way.

SMOKY places on the kitchen ceiling should be covered with gum shellac; then they will not strike through the new coat of kalsomine.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

HOUSEHOLD.

WHEN necessary to thoroughly sweep a carpeted room, first dust carefully and remove all the furniture that can easily be carried out. Brush out around buttons of tuffed furniture, and cover closely with unbleached cotton sheets and keep for this purpose. Dust and remove all ornaments, and cover everything that must remain. Use salt or washed tea-leaves to sprinkle over the floor and sweep with a short and even stroke. Let dust settle thoroughly, and then wipe off paint and woodwork before returning furniture.

To keep ice in the sick room, cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square and secure it by ligature about the mouth of an ordinary tumbler so as to leave the cup shape depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours, all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice cup. Cheap flannel with comparatively open meshes is preferable, as the water easily drains through it and the ice is kept quite dry.

ORANGE TRIFLE.—Put a quarter of a pound of sponge finger biscuit and two ounces of ratafias at the bottom of a trifle dish and pour over them, when it is cold, a syrup made as follows: Rub some lumps of a quarter of a pound of sugar on the peel of four oranges; boil this quantity with half a pint of orange juice for five minutes. Take off the peel of four oranges down to the fruit, which divide into quarters, and having taken away the pith and seeds, cut them into small pieces and put on the cakes. Over all put half a pint of rich cream whisked to a strong froth.

IRONING.—Flats should be kept in a dry cupboard, protected from dust and smoke as well as rust. In one of the full length cupboards should stand a folding ironing-board; this style of board avoids the trouble of moving things about which almost always are obtained at the cost of creating an inconvenience. "Holders" for flats should always be put away with the irons and never used for other than their legitimate purposes.

EGGS SUR PLAT.—This is a most convenient dish when a slight meal is wanted in a hurry. Put a fire proof china saucepan on the fire or on a spirit lamp. Place a lump of butter in it and as soon as it melts, break in three or four eggs. Let them remain long enough for the whites to set, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve the saucepan very hot.

VEAL CUTLETS WITH BUTTER SAUCE.—Dip each cutlet in a beaten egg, then in peppered and salted cracker dust, and fry in hot drippings to a rich golden brown. Lay each as it is done on paper to absorb the grease. Arrange on a hot dish and put on every cutlet a liberal spoonful of sauce. Make it by beating tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream with a tablespoonful of lemon juice and a tablespoonful of minced parsley.

TRY this lemon sponge; it is easy to make and is always liked. Soak one ounce of gelatine in one pint of boiling water until dissolved; then pour on it one pint of boiling water, the juice of three lemons and sugar to taste. When thoroughly mixed, beat to a white froth and add the whites of four eggs, well beaten. Beat all together until quite stiff; put in molds wet with water and set on the ice.

To serve eggs baked or shirred: Butter a deep earthern pie dish, or little china or stone dishes made expressly for this method of cooking eggs, and into it break carefully as many eggs as are required for use, without crowding; sprinkle salt and pepper and the least bit of butter on top before putting in a hot oven to set, which will require four or five minutes. A little chopped parsley or ham may be added if desired.

KIDNEY STEW.—Take a large beef kidney, cut all the fat out, cut it up in slices; then let it lay in cold water, with a teaspoonful of salt added, fifteen minutes; wipe dry, then put it in the pot with three half-pints of cold water; let it boil two hours; half an hour before it is done add one small onion, sliced; one teaspoonful of powdered sage, a very little grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt to season well; serve hot, with mashed potatoes.

PICKLED CHICKEN.—Boil four chickens until tender enough for meat to fall from bones, put meat in a stone jar, and pour over it three pints of cold, good cider vinegar pint and a half the water in which the chickens were boiled; add spices if preferred, and it will be ready for use in two days. This is a popular Sunday evening dish; it is good for luncheon at any time.

POTATO DROP CAKES.—To two cupfuls of mashed potato add two cupfuls of warm milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter, two beaten eggs, half a cupful of prepared flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat the whole very hard and drop in great spoonfuls on a greased griddle. Serve very hot as soon as they are baked.

BEFORE beginning to iron sprinkle the table plentifully with water and lay on the ironing blanket. This will hold it firmly in place and prevent all wrinkling and shoving about. Never try to iron with a blanket having wrinkles or bunches.

WHEN putting down a new carpet be sure you save the ravelings. They will furnish just the darning thread you will need when the carpet "begins to go."

"Hall's Hair Renewer keeps my hair in good condition,"—Mrs. S. H. Scott, Stoddard, N. H.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a purely vegetable compound, and is free from dangerous drugs.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS —THE BEST TONIC.

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. P PURITY. Trade Mark On Every Bottle.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidney and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It **enriches and purifies the blood,** stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For **Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy,** etc., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

CURES THE KIDNEY THE BLADDER THE LIVER

A MEDICAL VICTORY!

Cures Brights' Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Torpid Liver. It dissolves Gall-Stones and Gravel.

SYMPTOMS and CONDITIONS of Urine for which this Remedy **should be taken.**

Scalding	Stoppage	Blood-tinged
Diabetic	Albumen	Brick-dust
Dropsical	Dribbling	Milky-pink
Headache	Frequent	Costiveness
Boneache	Nervous	Redish-dark
Uric-acid	Settlings	Catarrhache
Backache	Nerveache	Phosphates
Bad-taste	Foul-Breath	Gall-color

IT IS A SPECIFIC.

Every dose goes to the spot.

Relieves and Cures *internal* Slime-fever, Canker, Dyspepsia, Anemia, Malaria, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, Sexual Weakness, Spermatorrhœa and Gout.

It Eliminates Blood Impurities, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt-Rheum, Syphilis, Pimples, Blotches, Fever-sores, and Cancer-taints.

It is a most Wonderful Appetizer. Builds up Quickly a Run-down Constitution.

☞ Tell your neighbors all about it.

PRICE 25c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

☞ Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A. *Invalids' Guide to Health (Sent Free.)* All letters of inquiry promptly answered. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Scrofula of Lungs.

I am now 49 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease; but temporary relief was all that I obtained I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. A friend strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), claiming that he himself had been greatly benefitted by its use in some lung troubles. I resolved to try it. The results are remarkable. My cough has left me, my strength has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no pains or weakness felt in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of work. T. J. HOLT.

Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1885.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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PENSIONS to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

MARRIED Ladies—For useful information send self-addressed envelope to Mrs. H. BARTLETT, Box 29, 100 East 12th St., N. Y. City. Mention this paper.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER, Holly, Mich.



No Rope to Cut Off Horses Manes. Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price-List. J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Pimples, Blotches, Scaly or Oily Skin, Blemishes and all Skin Diseases Cured and Complexion Beautified by **Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap.** Sold by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents by WM. DREYDOPPEL, Manufacturer, 208 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.

EVAPORATING FRUIT Full treatise on improved methods, yields, profits and prices FREE. AMERICAN M'F'G CO. Box 21 WAYNESBORO, PA.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

SEND NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Dolman, and Mantle Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. MOODY, Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM Habit, Quickly and Painlessly cured at home. Correspondence solicited and *free trial of cure* sent honest investigators. THE HUMANE REMEDY COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.

DR. RADWAY'S THE ONLY GENUINE **Sarsaparillian Resolvent!**

The Great Blood Purifier!

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES.

Scrofula, Old Sores, Blood Taints, Chronic Rheumatism, Varicose Veins, Bladder and Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Bronchitis, Consumption, General Debility

CURED BY

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent

Humors and Sores of all kinds, particularly chronic diseases of the skin, are cured with great certainty by a course of RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN. We mean obstinate cases that have resisted all other treatment

DIABETES CURED!

LOUISIANA, MO.

DR. RADWAY—*Dear Sir:* I have used all your remedies with great success in practice, and the way I found favor with your Resolvent, it cured me of Diabetes after three physicians had given me up. I detected a change in my urine in two hours after the first dose, and three bottles cured me. Your friend, THOS. G. PAGE.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle.

DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y., Proprietors of Radway's Ready Relief and Dr. Radway's Pills.

NO LADY IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL Without a Clear, White Complexion.



SCOTT'S WHITE LILY TOILET WASH FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION

This Great American Lotion for Beautifying the Complexion and Healing the Skin

To a large extent conceals the evidence of age. A few applications will make the skin beautifully soft, smooth, and white. It is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and by so doing create disease of the skin, such as Pimples, etc., but is a perfectly clear liquid: a valuable discovery that causes the cheek to glow with health, and rival the lily in whiteness. It is impossible to detect in the beauty it confers. It cures Oily Skin, Pimples, Freckles, Face Grubs, Black Heads, Blotches, Sunburn, Chapped Hands and Face, Barber's Itch, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes of the skin from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes containing sediment, while it beautifies the skin, giving it that healthy, natural and youthful appearance which it is impossible to obtain by any other means. It is conceded by connoisseurs in the art to be the best and safest beautifier the world ever produced.

For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Send for Circulars, with Testimonials and Beautiful Picture, free.

W. M. SCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DREYDOPPEL'S BORAX SOAP Cleanses, purifies and makes clothes white and sweet. Excellent for Bath and Toilet. Full pound bars only. For sale everywhere.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delays from business, tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M., to 4 P. M., at 2721 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., and Sundays.

Free Farms In Sunny **SAN LUIS.** The most Wonderful Agricultural Park in America. Surrounded by prosperous mining and manufacturing towns. Farmer's Paradise! Magnificent crops raised in 1885. THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND, subject to pre-emption and homestead. Lands for sale to actual settlers at $3.00 per Acre. Long Time. Park irrigated by immense canals. Cheap railroad rates. Every attention shown settlers. For maps, pamphlets, etc., address: COLORADO LAND & LOAN CO., Opera House Block, Denver, Col. Box 2890.

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We have so persistently and generally abused the manners and customs of every foreign nation in turn that we have established by deduction a reputation for politeness, or "form," as we are pleased to call it, which those foreign nations who take us on our own showing have for a long time accepted without protest. Gradually, however, their blinded eyes are opening to a conviction that we are straying further and further every year from that code of courtesy, deference, and regard which, far from being hypocritical or stilted, is based on real simplicity, reason, and good nature, and adds so much to the charm of society and pleasantness of familiar intercourse. Roughness and independence are not the most marked features of the present state of social decadence, a curt abruptness of speech and brusquerie of manner which to the looker on is almost impertinent and often aggressive.

We have reduced to a minimum the outward manifestations of reverence and respect to age, sex, or celebrity; we have discarded every formula which takes away the brutality of the short "yes" or "no;" and to exonerate ourselves from a reproach of incivility we declare the appellations of "sir" and "madam" to be excessively vulgar, making common politeness an attribute of the lower orders. "All right," as an affirmative is the usual rejoinder between young men and girls, just as "I say" is the common form of interjection and appeal. "Come along" is a favorite mode of requesting a young lady to stand up for a dance or to adjourn to tennis, even after a first formal introduction.

IMPOLITENESS TO LADIES.

The courteous raising of the hat which a Frenchman never refuses even to a shopkeeper on entering her premises, if she be a woman or other women are present, is almost unknown to the Englishman of the upper classes; his finger goes up to the brim of his hat sometimes and a brisk nod is all the acknowledgment he vouchsafes to a lady's recognition when she passes him in the street; if she stops to address him, he almost invariably remains covered while shaking hands with her, and is as often as not the one who takes leave first. In drawing-rooms and at table, gentlemen remain sitting while ladies stand, and allow themselves to be spoken to without rising from their chairs, and they also suffer the ladies to ring bells and pick up things from the floor without; offering any assistance.

At the stalls of the opera a duke sat a whole evening nursing his leg in so unequivocal a fashion that his foot nearly reposed in the lap of his neighbor, who had to drag her skirts away from the contact. The prince of Wales will enter his box at the play and take his place before the princess of Wales and her lady in waiting are seated; he will then lean forward on both elbows, over the cushioned ledge, staring at the house with his opera glass, and apparently entirely ignore their presence. Very young men, mere lads, just gazetted to some crack regiment, will loll in front of white-haired gentlemen at a party or concert, and utterly obstruct any view of what is going on, without a word of apology or attempt to get out of the way.

Women are so remiss themselves in the most ordinary forms of good breeding that they have imperilled their right to claim it from the other sex, and they submit calmly to have their male companions smoke while escorting them or driving with them. Not one could give the answer which the French woman quietly, innocently returned to the man who in a railway carriage asked her before lighting his cigar if smoke incommoded her. "I do not know," she replied, "for no one has ever smoked where I was." In their utter disregard of the feelings and prejudices of others they forget their own dignity and abjure the teachings of their education. Not only will they talk and laugh unrestrainedly while a song or recitation is going on in a crowded assembly, to the discomfiture of the performer and the annoyance of the hostess, but before its conclusion they will noisily make their exit.

THE TREATMENT OF GUESTS.

Dinner parties are no longer social gatherings on a neutral ground for polished conversation and the interchange for wit and humor, but are merely the paying off of scores and debts, the checking off of invitations regardless of community in tastes. The guests know on what terms they are asked. They are paired with careless indifference as to their relative affinities or antipathies, and they are not expected to stay more than twenty minutes after the repast is over. Precedence of rank alone retains its prestige, and certainly has no connection, however remote, with politeness. The wife or widow of an illustrious statesman, of a man prominent in art and literature, will be relegated behind her young daughter who has received a title by marriage. The inane lordling, the peer of yesterday, just out of his Eton jacket, is taken in by the mistress of the house to the exclusion of a distinguished foreigner. This being a recognized custom in England, it may not, perhaps, come under the heading of absolute incivility, but the fact remains that the English of the upper classes are lamentably ignorant of the primary rules of etiquette and courtesy, any infraction of which would seem elsewhere an insult to good breeding and the mark of a want of education.

The attitude of sons to their parents borders on the unfilial; the name of "father" and "mother" is relegated to the nursery; the almost insulting epithets of "governor," "pater," "mater," take their place, and the juveniles never allude to their elders otherwise than the old man, the old woman. The softest couch, the coolest corner is taken by the children; their parents are kept waiting without compunction, and little or no regard is paid to any injunction or recommendation, especially when strangers are present, only eliciting a half-rebellious, half-contemptuous protest.

With other courtesies the art of listening has disappeared. Few persons abstain from interruption, from the introduction of topics alien to the one under discussion, and from point-blank contradiction. Elderly people are, to use a colloquialism, "shut up," and no pretense is made of trying to be agreeable to them in return for the open-handed hospitality they dispense. If the hosts shunt many of their obligations, the guests seem to forget entirely that they have any.—M. de S'. London Letter in New York Sun.

The Dunkard Colony in Kansas.

Of the twenty original families in the Dunkard colony, Norton county, Kansas, only five remain. They are rolling up wealth. The colony now covers a territory of eight square miles. Each farmer has an average of 160 acres under cultivation. Some have 200 acres. A windmill may be seen on nearly every farm.—Exchange.

The luster of morocco is restored by varnishing with the white of an egg applied with a sponge.

A MUNCHAUSEN OF '49.

Traveling in a Land of Solid Gold—Fate of a Young Mule.

The third '49er began:

"I was by myself, too, when I struck it big. One day I was prospectin' through an open country, an' traveled on 'till after night, tryin' to find water. At last I rode over a ridge, an' noticed that my mule's shoes kep' clinkin' against somethin'. I had a fine young mule. There was a valley at the bottom of the ridge and water. I went to sleep, and waked up when day begin to break, but rolled an' slep' again. Nex' time I waked the sun was up, but I couldn't hold my eyes open until I tried a long time, there was such a glitter."

"Mica!" one of the party suggested.

"Gold, sir! Gold everywhere! I'd thrown part of my blanket over a chunk to make a piller; the chunk was gold, solid gold! The ridge I'd come over was gold, solid gold. On 'tother side of the valley was mountains of gold risin' up an' glitterin' in the sunshine. One high mountain had snow on the top, but was gold up to the snow. Fellers, that mountain looked like a picter. I'd just began to think my bacon eatin' days was over, when three men came up to me, two young men an' one ole man. Judgin' from their actions—I couldn't understand their talk—the young fellers wanted to kill me, but the ole chap persuaded 'em not ter. They all had gold buttons on their clothes an' heeltaps an' tapsoles of gold. The man was smokin' a gold pipe, with a long gold stem. They blin'folded me an' led me away."

The narrator stopped and seemed to be retrospecting.

"Well, did they lead you far?" he was asked.

"Seems to me I listened to the clink of them tapsoles an' heels for 10,000 miles."

"Was they long about it?"

"When I laid down in that gold valley that night, though I say it myself, I was young an' good lookin'; my beard was black as a crow, an' hair thick as a dog's; but when they left me an' got out of hearin', an' I uncovered my eyes, my beard was gray."

"An' your head?"

"Like it is now; not a hair on it."

"What became of your fine young mule?"

"The old man rode it on the trip till it fell dead of old age."—San Francisco Sunday World.

Cave-Dwellers Not Yet Extinct.

It was generally thought that the cave-dwellers were an extinct race, but a French tourist in Sicily has found a village in Sicily, not far from Syracuse, where these primitive abodes are still in use. In a deep, narrow valley, called the Val d'Ispica, the traveler's attention is diverted from a pure, limpid stream, meandering amid flowers, meads and vines, to the steep, rocky sides of the hills, which are perforated afar up with doors and windows, and these still form the dwelling-places of the inhabitants. On examination it is found that these grottoes, dug from the living stone, are incontestably the first abode of the aborigines of Sicily. Their forms denote a period long anterior to the Pelasgian constructions, since one does not see anywhere indications of the first notions of the art of building, not even the least idea of a regular design, either circular or square.

The writer found oftentimes that these primitive and secure dwellings consisted of ten or twelve rooms, disposed in three irregular stories. Access to the entrance was by wide steps, which in the most ancient times did not exist, but there was in their stead a ladder, which could be drawn up after their owners had entered, and the cave-dwellers could thus be as secure as in the strongest fortress. The Frenchman succeeded in winning the confidence of some of these people and enjoyed the warmest hospitality. He says: "Never have I found goat's milk so good, and the honey of the Val d'Ispica yields in nothing to that of ancient Hybla, which towers above us at only three miles distance." This honey is due to the abundance of flowers and of aromatic vines which clothe the rocks of this verdant valley, that might have served as the scene of the adventures of Rasselas.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Nationalities as Seen in Artists' Models.

In Paris there is an official list kept of artists' models, and their number for the present year amounts to 671. All nationalities are represented in this document. The Italians head the list. Of the whole 671 they constitute about a third. Paris herself only supplies one half what Italy supplies. Of French models in the Paris studios there are but 120. The Germans number strong at 80, and there are 60 Swiss, 50 Spanish girls, the same number of Belgians, 45 English, 20 Americans, 4 Austrians, 2 Portuguese and 1 Irish girl. Of the 671 170 have passed their majority. All the rest are young girls from 16 to 20.

Of course they do not gain their livelihood exclusively by their sittings. Most of them are ballet girls—or to adopt their own definition, dramatic artists. Then there are forty dress makers, thirty manufacturers of artificial flowers, and the same number of milliners, while a large margin have no occupation. Of the 671 at least a third are familiar with the inside of prisons as well as of the studios. There are two sittings in each day—a morning and an afternoon. The morning is from 8 to 12; the evening from 1 to 5, or from 2 to 6, and these sittings range in remuneration from 2 francs to 50 francs.—Chicago Herald.

Everyday Life in a Georgia City.

We have several persons in Georgia who are related to George Washington on the side of his mother, Mary Ball, and others related to him on the side of his sister Elizabeta, who married Fielding Lewis. There can be found here in Atlanta gentlemen who are descended from Jonathan Edwards, the great theologian and first president of Princeton, and who are therefore of the same blood as the brilliant and daring Aaron Burr. We can find here, also, the descendants of Lady Godiva, the heroine of one of Tennyson's favorite poems. Mingling in our streets every day may be seen men whose ancestors battled against each other in the wars of the Roses; crossed words when the English met the Scots on Flodden Field; butchered one another under the nicknames of Round-Head and Cavalier and wrestled in a death grapple on many a gory field in France and Germany. But time has wiped out all differences and all look alike and think alike.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Smart Young Amateur Catcher.

Ball players in Pittsburg are talking about the smart young catcher of an amateur club, who was remarkable for catching many batsmen out on foul tips, even when the bat didn't seem to strike within three or four inches of the ball. An investigation revealed that the catcher had a gum band attached to his glove, and when he desired to foul out a man he would raise the band with one finger, and when the ball passed under the bat release it. The band would snap against the glove, and all within hearing would hear a supposed foul tip.—Chicago Herald.

Whenever you see a man with his chin in the air you may know there is nothing in the front of his head.—Feecher.

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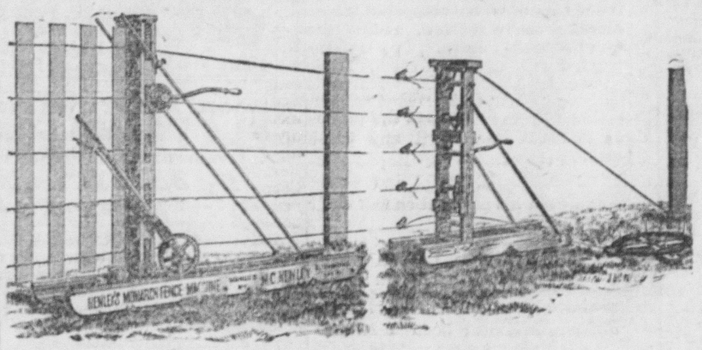
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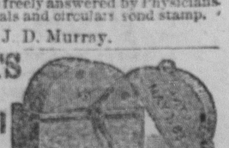
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Miss Hasek, of St. Joseph, Ills., writes: "I would not take $50 for mine. My washing was the first to be o'clock this morning."
Rev. G. Jacobs, St. Ignace, Mich., writes: "Formerly it took the washerwoman from 7 a. m. to 5 p. m. to do my work; now from 8 a. m. to 12 m."
Mrs. A. W. Harrison, of Langley, Va., writes: "It is a treasure. It makes the white lady independent of the colored washerwoman."

I will ship a sample to those desiring an agency on a week's trial on liberal terms. To those without capital, who can prove themselves trustworthy, I will furnish machines to fill their orders, the money to be paid after delivery. Write for particulars. J. WORTH, New 142nd Street, New York City.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

NEW OPENING

THEO. DESCHNER

OF THE

— BELLEFONTE —

GUN WORKS

AND HEADQUARTERS FOR

Sporting Goods.

One door below LYON'S STORE,

Bellefonte, where you find everything in the line of

GUNS, —— PISTOLS

AMMUNITION,

FISHING LINES & RODS, HOOKS,

and all kinds of

FISHING TACKLE. CANES, FLAGS,

FIRE-WORKS, &c.

JUST OPENED. CALL AT

DESCHNER'S

FOR YOUR SPORTING GOODS.

5may3m



TRADE MARK.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY

THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

MALARIA.

A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

RHEUMATISM.
SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGOUR.
BILIOUSNESS.
LIVER TROUBLES.
NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co. Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.



TRADE MARK.

POSITIVE PROOFS.

In other advertisements we have said that the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply **Plain Facts.** We now present some Positive Proofs:

Could we ask anything more to the point than this from Mr. H. H. KENDALL, a prominent merchant of Bronfield, Mo., who writes Feb. 26, '85:

"When in Europe, two years ago, I tried hard to buy the secret of this very remedy. I also told Col. Turnbold I'd give me at almost any price; but neither of us succeeded. I, myself, suffered with Rheumatism for years and spent hundreds of dollars, but never got any permanent relief until I tried this. Since then, (over two years now) I have not suffered the least. I know it is a good thing. It will take like wildfire. Now I want the agency for five States."

Here is another from nearer home. MR. J. D. WHITE is a leading business man of Bloomsburg, Pa. His grandfather, over 80 years old, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. Nov. 24, 1885, MR. WHITE writes us:

"Have read your circular. The country is so full of patent humbugs it is hard to make people believe any remedy has merit until it is tried. My grandfather is such a sufferer that he would gladly give for *a single day's relief*, ten times your price for a cure. He will try it any way, because he don't think your house would keep any thing without merit."

DEC. 21, he says: "My grandfather pronounces the Russian Rheumatism Cure a first-class success. He is not relieved one day only, but *altogether.*"

If you doubt either of these statements, write the parties; they'll gladly answer any inquiry. Our space does not permit further testimony. We have plenty of it, however. It makes quite a little book. We send it *free* to all who ask.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.

819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Price $2.50. If mailed 10c. additional. If registered 10c. more.

ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

SCOTT'S

EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL

And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANÆMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SAM JONES' SERMONS

In the principal cities, with History of His Life; and Sermons by Sam Small, his Co laborer.

ONLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

Most remarkable and intensely interesting and amusing engravings ever seen in a book.

ONLY FULL AND AUTHENTIC EDITION.

The first complete reports ever printed. Greatest book sensation of the day. Tremendous demand. No book ever before like it. AGENTS WANTED. Popular low down prices. Write for terms; or, to secure agency quick, send 75 cents in stamps for full outfit.

1ia pr6m STANDARD BOOK CO.,
612 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SOME SMALL THINGS.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN BY-GONE YEARS.

What Our Fathers and Mothers and Their Ancestors Endured in Other Days—The Petty Inconveniences of the "Good Old Times" of Long Ago.

We often wonder how many of us are conscious of our advantages in living at this stage of humanity's achievement rather than at an earlier one. How much more cleanly and convenient is life now that we eat by the help of forks than it was 250 years ago when forks were unknown, and fingers were daubed with whatever there was with which to daub them! How much more agreeable is life now that the newspaper is the common visitor of the poorest house! What was it that our fathers and mothers suffered when the tallow dip and the whale-oil lamp, whose failing wick had to be picked up every now and then with a pin, made darkness visible rather than dispelled it! One marvels in remembering it not only that they did not become blind themselves, but that we also were not all born blind.

WHAT OUR ANCESTORS ENDURED.

What tedium was that which these same fathers and mothers, and all their ancestors before them for many years, endured in the long journeys when the hardships of the saddle and bridle path were succeeded by the passing luxury of the stage coach, in which, jammed in together and with no matter whom, the day and night's journey lumbered along in a misery of which nobody dreamed of naming the positive extent till the railway car replaced it! and what suspense and anxiety and grief, dying a thousand deaths in one, did they not have to encounter before the telegraph arrived to make conversation as swift and easy as thought! Moreover, what avenues of culture, what possibilites of excellence and eminence, are open now to the average woman since the cotton mill has taken out of her hands the necessity of passing her days as a slave at the spinning wheel, and bending her back at the loom, so that there was hardly time in her life for spelling out a chapter in her Bible.

But these affairs bring us upon the great things of life; and to return to the smaller things of which we began to speak, can any of us imagine how in the world we got along before needles were as common as grass spires, and pins put careless sewing at a premium, and when thorns were in domestic demand for fasteners of slight material? How did our young aunts make themselves look pretty when calico prints were sold at 80 cents instead of at 6 and 4 cents as they are to-day? and how did they dare meet an admirer in the muddy street when the hideous, shapeless India-rubber overshoe was worn in place of our delicate and well shaped gossamer sandal?

WERE JUST AS WELL OFF.

Perhaps we were just as well off before tea was added to our diet, although then we drank beer, that fruitful mother of many diseases; perhaps honey was as healthy for our use as sugar is; perhaps we are no better for the potato that takes its revenge for being robbed of its wildness by producing various maladies of indigestion; surely many of us would almost be glad if America had never been found, if so tobacco could also have remained undiscovered; perhaps we were better off before gunpowder added its disintegrating power to the universe. But who of us all could do without matches, now that we know of them?

Years ago, when the chemist or the physician kept his phosphorus shut up in a bottle that it might lend him light on swift occasion, when everybody had the tinder-box, with its burned rags and its bits of flint, on the kitchen mantel, when nobody thought any more of letting the fire on the hearth go out than the vestal would have suffered her lamp's flame to die, but raked it up and covered it with ashes, to be scattered and reveal the live coal in the morning; when, if the shocking catastrophe did take place, an iron skillet full of coals or else a burning brand had to be run for and borrowed of a neighbor, and run back with in a mighty hurry; when lamp-lighters bristled on the shelf, and one lighted pipe or candle, oftener than any other way, by blowing on the red coals held in a pair of tongs till the fire flashed up fitfully for the necessary second of time.—Harper's Bazar.

The Lot of a Ballet Girl.

A chorus or ballet girl's lot is necessarily full of temptations and perils. Not infrequently she has been exposed to these before she decides to go upon the stage, and her danger is passed. The comic opera is a dreadful school of morals, the inevitable tendency being for good women to become bad there, and for bad women to become worse. How can it be otherwise? There are thousands of girls in the city without natural protectors, with very little education or training having no means of support outside of themselves. If they are in any manner attractive of person they must be strong in principle to resist what seems to be their doom.—New York Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Grave of Wendell Phillips.

The grave of Wendell Phillips at Milton, Mass., is on high ground by stately trees—a spot selected by himself. The body of Mrs. Phillips has been laid beside him, upon his left hand, as was his wish, and a stone will be placed at the head of the grave bearing the inscription, "Anna & Wendell Phillips," as he was accustomed to write their names when used together. There is talk in Boston of opening a subscription list toward erecting a monument to his memory—a memorial to which his wife objected as long as she remained alive.—Chicago Times.

The Varnish of the Buttercup.

The petals of the buttercup have, as well known, a peculiar varnish-like luster. The cause of this has been investigated by Dr. Mobius, who attributes it to a highly refractive yellow oil existing in the epidermal cells, increased by the fact that the layer of cells of the mesophyl is densely filled with minute starch grains.—Scientific American.

The World's Acreage of Wheat.

The area planted in wheat, and now harvested is probably very nearly as follows: Europe, 94,000,000 acres; North America, 40,500,000 acres; South American, 6,000,000 acres; India, 26,000,000 acres; Australasia, 3,500,000 acres; Africa and western Asia, 13,000,000 acres; total, 184,000,000 acres.—Chicago Journal.

A Picture of Summer Happiness.

The season has come when a man who finds a twelve-room house and a half acre of ground too small for him at home will live with his family in a three-room shanty surrounded by 1,000 feet of glaring sand and call it happiness.—Somerville Journal.

Why He Thought It Celestial.

"Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated Miss Gush in reference to Miss Pedal's performances on the piano. "Yes," replied Fogg, "it is indeed heavenly. It sounds like thunder.—Boston Transcript.

I LOVE YOU.

She climbed upon my willing knee,
And softly whispered unto me,
"I love you."

Her dainty arms were round my neck,
Her sunny curls were in my face;
And in her tender eyes I saw
The soul of innocence and grace.

And like a sunbeam glinting through
The clouds that hide the skies of blue,
Her smile found access to my heart,
And bade the shadows all depart.

O moment of apocalypse,
In which I saw the stately ships,
That erstwhile sailed away from me,
Come riding back across the sea,
I would you might return and stay
Within my lonely heart alway.

God bless the darling little child,
Who looked up in my face and smiled;
And wrought upon my heart a spell
More sweet than songs of Israfel.

Oh, angels, listen while I pray
That you will make her life as sweet
As that brief moment was to me,
Whene'er I heard her lips repeat,
"I love you."
—James Chester Rockwell in The Current.

AN ITEM FOR TOPERS.

Something That Is Better Than Whisky to Relieve the "All-Goneness."

You likely number among your friends or acquaintances some hearty old chap who has "taken a drink of good whisky before breakfast for forty-seven years, and couldn't eat without it." Now, at the risk of having this worthy but prejudiced person laugh himself into a state of apoplectic red-facedness, let me suggest that as old as he is he may yet find a substitute—not only a cheaper one, but one that will never coax him to take more than is good for him. Take any man who is in the habit of looking in the bottom of the glass for "pure sociability" at intervals from noon until midnight, and for stomach comfort before he breaks his fast in the morning, and let him, after he has arisen and dressed, repair to a drug store instead of to a bar-room. He has no appetite. He does not feel as though he were "all there." Instead of a cocktail let him ask the druggist to prepare a mixture of these ingredients and quantities, which, when mixed together, shall constitute a single dose:

Chloroform, five drops; tincture ginger, half teaspoonful; compound tincture cardamon, two teaspoonfuls; water, one wineglassful.

Swallow that slowly—take five minutes to do it. You will be surprised to find that in about fifteen minutes the "all gone" feeling will have disappeared. A gentle, pleasant warmth is felt in place of the gnawing sensation, and in a very little while there are decided symptoms of being hungry. A repetition of the dose inside of an hour, in case the attack the night before was very severe, will do no harm. A cup of black coffee twenty minutes after the first dose is an excellent thing to follow with, provided the patient is not of a particularly nervous temperament.

You will find some men whose nerves become unstrung upon very slight alcoholic provocation, and such men are prone to try the similia similibus curantur racket. The best thing for a case of that kind is the drug store again. Here is the dose:

Bromide of potassium, thirty grains; celerina, two teaspoonfuls; elixir valerianate ammonia, two teaspoonfuls.

I'll guarantee that you will never resort to whisky again after you have tried whichever of these doses that may suit your particular case. As soon as you feel able to eat, make your breakfast of oatmeal principally for two or three days. On the day after taking the first dose, invest in two Havana oranges and substitute the juice for the pick-me-up tonic. If the stomach rejects the oranges as too sweet, throw them away and try the tonic again, and eventually return to the fruit.

This treatment will begin to show its effect in a few days. Instead of that uneasy, uncomfortable feeling there will come a vigor and a natural exhilaration that will brighten the eye and quicken the step. A brisk walk around the block, if you live in the brick and mortar section, will not come amiss. I would even go so far as to advise a five minutes' exercise with half-pound dumb-bells. Grasp them firmly, and strike out as though you intended thumping somebody. All that is needed is faith and a little perseverance, especially perseverance. Three weeks will bring the faith.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Memorable Dispatch from Lincoln.

On Memorial day I was shown a telegraphic bulletin that was received from the front on that memorable Sunday that preceded the surrender of Lee. Dispatches through the week had indicated that the end was near, and the loyal west was on tiptoe for the announcement of surrender. On that Sunday morning there was posted upon the war bulletin of this budding village a dispatch from Lincoln, who was with the army, to the secretary of war. It reads: "All is well with us. Grant is far away. I can't see him, but it seems to me there is a general smash-up of Lee's lines." The forecast of the president was gloriously accurate, for the next morning when the gray-haired men went to business, eyes that had looked to the southward so long were gladdened with the news of the fall of the Army of the Virginia. The dispatch is in the proud possession of a veteran, who regards it with little less satisfaction than the Union which the war preserved.—Chicago Cor. Cleveland Leader.

"As Wild as an Indian."

We heard of a girl the other day who was "as wild as an Indian." But an Indian girl is not wild. No girl is more submissive to the rules of her race and tribe than an Indian girl who is not yet corrupted by the proximity of the white man. She never goes anywhere alone, and she never passes a man on the highway without turning away her head. If a man comes into her wigwam she conceals her face, and she does not stand within hearing distance of men who are talking. She lives up to her ides and her tribe's idea of what is proper and becoming. If she fails to do so she places herself beyond the protection of her tribe. There is no safe place in this world for the girl who knows no law but her own will.—New York Ledger.

Flash Not Now Good Form.

Superfluous display of finery and diamonds at watering-place hotels has for some years been regarded as "common and vulgar." People of refinement who possess fine clothes do not have to select hotels in which to exhibit them, and your showy and flashy female, on the piazza or in parlor, is looked upon with suspicion.—New York Mail.

What a Witty Woman Says.

A witty woman of Paris says that it is more difficult for a woman to make excuses for her beauty among other women, when she is really beautiful, than for a plain woman to find favor among the men.

A poplar tree in Wilkes county, Georgia, measures twenty-seven feet in circumference.

For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For a Lame Back
For a Lame Back
For a Lame Back
For a Lame Back
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
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Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE 50c. and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'r's. BUFFALO, N. Y.

☞ You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy.

JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.

UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.

DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall.
9jun6m.

WANTED—LADY Active and intelligent, to represent in her own locality an old firm. References required. Permanent position and good salary. GAY & BROS., 17 Barclay St., N. Y.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

EASILY ACCOUNTED FOR

The success of Baugh's $25 Phosphate as an excellent crop producer and permanent improver of the soil, is easily accounted for

It is made of the bones of animals, and with special regard to a general adaptability as a plant food."

Every particle of which bones are composed, is a direct food of vegetables.

We render this food immediately available

In the $25 PHOSPHATE

Which we claim to be a very special advantage, as it gives the crop an early start and sustains it until fully matured, besides permanently improving the soil.

MODENA, PA., Jan. 1st, 1886.

"Having thoroughly tested BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE, side by side with other makes costing $35 and $40 per ton, I am satisfied that Baugh's is the best for first crop as well as permanent results. I had better wheat and cut more grass for two years where I used the $25 Phosphate. I will use no other kind and advise all farmers to buy Baugh's $25 Phosphate and see results for themselves on their own ground." JOHN FADDIS.

THE ORIGINAL Manufacturers of RAW BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE Combined capacity of our Works, 75,000 tons per year, and still increasing.

BAUGH & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Use Baugh's $25 PHOSPHATE

ACTIVE, PERMANENT, CHEAP

ANIMAL BONE MANURE

MILLHEIM

MARBLE WORKS

WE HAVE A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF

MONUMENTS, HEAD-STONES,
MONUMENTS, HEAD-STONES,

TOMBS, TOMBS,

IN DARK RED, DARK BLUE, OR WHITE AND CLOUDED

—MARBLE.—

WE FURNISH ALL KINDS OF CEMETERY WORK IN GRANITE, MARBLE, OR IRON,

— AT MOST REASONABLE PRICES. —

Musser & Alexander,

14apr1M MILLHEIM, PA.

Dentists.

DR. G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall. Residence on Main street. Office on 2d floor of Harper & Kreamer's store building. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14apr

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. 21y.3'78

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office in old Coxard building

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Ask your Grocer for it. Wm. Dreydoppel, Mfr., 206 North Front Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is not a Truss. Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weakening diseases and private troubles in male and female constitutions a specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

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CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 28june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

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CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENN'A STETTLER & CODER..... ..... Proprietors SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY. Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 1apr.y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may

STEADY EMPLOYMENT.

We want good men in every town in this state to take orders for Nursery Stock during the NEXT TWELVE MONTHS. Previous experience not required. We hire .....ON SALARY..... and pay our salesmen's expenses. For terms address, THE C. L. VAN DUSEN NURSERY CO., Nurseries established 1839, Geneva, N. Y 28jun4t

FRENCH'S HOTEL. City Hall Square, - - New York. Opposite City Hall and the Post Office. This Hotel is one of the most complete in its appointments and furniture of ANY HOUSE in New York City and is conducted on the —EUROPEAN PLAN.— Rooms only One Dollar per day. Half minute's walk from Brooklyn Bridge and Elevated R. R. All lines of cars pass the door. Most convenient Hotel in New York for Merchants to stop at. Dining Rooms. Cafes and Lunch Counter replete with all the luxuries at moderate prices. jun 1 y

REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.—Will be offered at private sale, the following described real estate, situate in Harris, twp., Centre co., two miles east of Boalsburg. A Tract of Land containing 29 acres and 10 perches, six acres being good timberland and balance clear. Thereon erected a good two story frame Dwelling House, Good Barn and all necessary outbuildings. A cistern and good well are on the place. Terms reasonable. For further particulars appy to Wm. Bradford Centre Hall.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE.

Next Term begins January 5, 1886.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
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9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, President, 1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 23, 1886.

			WESTWARD.				
ERIE MAIL leaves			Philadelphia				11 20 p m
"	"		Harrisburg				3 30 a m
"	"		Montandon				5 36 a m
"	"		Williamsport				7 10 a m
"	"		Jersey Shore				7 35 a m
"	"		Lock Haven				7 58 a m
"	"		Renovo				9 25 a m
"	arr at		Erie				5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves			Philadelphia				4 30 a m
"	"		Harrisburg				8 10 a m
"	"		Montandon				10 12 a m
"	"		Williamsport				11 10 a m
"	arr at		Lock Haven				12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves			Philadelphia				7 40 a m
"	"		Harrisburg				11 25 a m
"	"		Montandon				1 24 a m
"	arr at		Williamsport				2 30 p m
"	"		Lock Haven				3 45 p m
"	"		Renovo				4 45 p m
"	"		Kane				9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves			Philadelphia				11 50 p m
"	"		Harrisburg				3 45 p m
"	"		Montandon				5 54 p m
"	"		Williamsport				7 10 p m
"	"		Lock Haven				8 02 p m
"	arr at		Renovo				9 00 p m
			(Sunday Train.				
SUNDAY MAIL leaves			Philadelphia				4 30 a m
"	"	"	Harrisburg				7 40 a m
"	"	"	Montandon				9 37 a m
"	"	"	Williamsport				10 40 a m
"	"	"	Lock Haven				11 35 a m
"	"	arrives	Renovo				12 30 p m
			EASTWARD.				
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves			Lock Haven				7 05 a m
"	"		Jersey Shore				7 35 a m
"	"		Williamsport				8 15 a m
"	"		Montandon				9 16 a m
"	"	arr at	Harrisburg				11 30 a m
"	"		Philadelphia				3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves			Kane				6 25 a m
"	"		Renovo				10 20 a m
"	"		Lock Haven				11 15 a m
"	"		Williamsport				12 25 p m
"	"		Montandon				1 25 p m
"	arr at		Harrisburg				3 25 p m
"	"		Philadelphia				6 50 p m
RENOVO ACN leaves			Renovo				4 00 p m
"	"		Lock Haven				5 00 p m
"	"		Williamsport				6 20 p m
"	"		Montandon				7 23 p m
"	arrives at		Harrisburg				9 30 p m
"	"		Philadelphia				4 45 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves			Erie	2 45 p m
"	"		Renovo	11 00 p m
"	"		Lock Haven	11 58 p m
"	"		Williamsport	1 25 a m
"	"		Montandon	2 26 a m
"	arr at		Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"		Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 45	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 55		6 15	Biehl	8 51		5 25
2 03		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		5 18
2 16		6 33	Mifflinburg	8 33		5 05
2 35		6 48	Millmont	8 18		4 48
2 43		6 56	Laurelton	8 12		4 42
2 48		7 49	Coburn	7 25		3 45
3 55		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 30
4 15		8 10	Rising Spring	6 08		3 12
4 27		8 19	Penn Cave	5 58		2 59
4 40		8 27	Centre Hall	5 50		2 45
4 50		8 34	Gregg	5 43		2 32
5 04		8 45	Linden Hall	5 30		1 18
5 13		8 52	Oak Hall	5 39		1 08
5 20		8 55	Lemont	5 25		2 00
5 27		9 03	Dale Summit	5 20		1 52
5 45		9 14	Pleasant Gap	5 09		1 33
5 50		9 19	Axemann	5 04		1 25
6 00		9 29	Bellefonte	5 00		1 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.45 p m and 7 30 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

PENN'S VALLEY BANKING CO., CENTRE HALL, PA. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. WM. WOLF, President W. B. MINGLE, Cashier.

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, —— DRUGS CHEMICALS PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—A violent hail storm on the 25th passed through the lower portion of Berks county and the eastern section of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. The storm continued about half an hour, and was very destructive to tobacco plants, the leaves of which were cut into shreds. Entire fields of growing wheat were levelled to the ground. There was a severe hail and wind storm in Central Illinois on the 24th, which did great damage to the growing crops.

—A fire in Port Deposit, Maryland on the 25th destroyed the tin can factory and hardware store of Reynolds Brothers. with several stables and outbuildings. The loss is estimated at $25,000, insurance $15,000. The fire was started by the falling of a hot soldering iron into a mass of rosin. During the fire a man named Rogers was dangerously, if not fatally, injured by falling from the roof of a neighboring house. The fur hat works of Ferry & Napier, at Matteawan, New York were burned on the 25th. Loss $40,000. The store house of the glass works at Newark, Ohio, was struck by lightning on the 25th and destroyed. Loss $40,000; insurance $15,000.

—Reportsfrom all parts of Manitoba and the Northwest assure abundant crops and a harvest two weeks earlier than usual.

—Reason Stamper and Mrs. Hattie Dinkins were married at Ashland, Kentucky, on the 26th. While they were receiving the congratulations of their friends a woman named Frances Piles rushed in and attempted to shoot the groom, but he disarmed her. She said he had promised to marry her, and also charged him with the murder of a man named Black two years ago. At a wedding in Paterson, New Jersey, on the 26th, the festivities were disturbed by Walter Hodgson and others prying open with clothes poles the windows of the house in which they were held. John Earle and others attempted to stop the disturbance, when a fight occurred, during which Hodgson struck Earle on the head with a board and Earle died of concussion of the brain. Hodgson has been arrested.

—W. S. McCollum, a dentist, about 40 years of age, committed suicide at his boarding house at Niagara Falls, on the 26th. He had been twice burned out within a short time. He leaves a wife and little daughter. George A. Screns, a drummer for a dry goods house in Cleveland, Ohio, shot himself dead in a house of ill repute in Pittsburg, on the 26th. He was about 50 years of age. "Remorse for his treatment of his wife and his inability to perform certain promises made to an inmate of the house is thought to have been the cause of the deed."

—At Eagle Bend, Mississippi, on the 26th, Lee Brown, colored, shot and killed Alfred and Henry Morgan, white, and Cornelius Jackson, colored. Brown was porter in a store, and the white men "refused to let him close it up."

—Alexander Miller, an old farmer, and his wife were killed by a railroad train striking their wagon at a railroad crossing near Lafayette, Indiana, on the 26th.

—A thunder storm, accompanied by hail, did damage to the amount of nearly $25,000, in the Catawissa Valley, Penna. on the 26th.

—John Napper, aged 70 years, colored janitor of the Lincoln school building, in Harrisburg, committed suicide on the 28th by jumping into the canal. In New Orleans on Sunday, Joseph Villio, aged 65 years, cut his wife's throat with a razor, and then cut his own throat and slashed one of his arms. It is believed he will recover. He was released from an insane asylum two weeks ago. John A. Leddele. a wholesale clothier of Montreal, committed suicide on the 27th, ult., by cutting his throat. Domestic trouble is supposed to have been the cause.

—Professor C. W. Merriman, principal of the High School at Beloit, Wisconsin, was shot and perhaps mortally wounded by burglars on the 27th ult.

—A duel was fought on the 28th ult., by two brothers named Adam and Alphonse Reed, near Opelousas, Lousiana, Adam was dangerously, if not fatally, wounded.

—A violent thunder storm passed over Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 27th ult. Several houses were struck by lightning and the topmast of a vessel was broken off by the electric fluid. "The lightning struck a fire hydrant on Cornwallis street, passed into the ground, and badly tore up the street for a length of two blocks, throwing large rocks to the surface. In an another street the lightning struck a gutter, throwing cobble stones all over the roadway."

—Six cows which had been suffering from pleuro-pneumonia on a farm near Turkey Hill, Lancaster county, Penna., were killed on the 28th ult. by an order of the State authorities.

—The chinch bugs are destroying the corn in parts of Fayette county, Illinois.

—At Reading, Penna., on the 28th ult., Rev. D. B. Albright, an aged minister, formerly Superintendent of the Bethany Orphan's Home at Womelsdorf, convicted of cruelly and brutally beating Harry Kramer, an orphan inmate, was sentenced to pay a fine of $50 and all the costs.

—On the 27th ult three men broke into the house of Mrs. Dennis O'Donnell, on the mountain three miles north of Hazelton, Penna., and taking out a safe, rolled it to the foot of the mountain, where they blew it open and took therefrom $200 in cash and numerous valuables. A number of the neighbors searched the mountains, but could find no trace of the burglars.

—James Turner and wife, returning home near Winchester, Ohio, on the 28th ult., were thrown from their wagon by the horse taking fright at a drove of hogs. Turner was fatally injured and his wife was killed.

—Mrs. H. G. Farmer, her six-year-old daughter, William Brayton and two children of C. W. Girsch, were drowned near Bristol, Rhode Island, on the 27th ult., by the capsizing of a sail boat.

—A fire in Nichols & Huntley's five-story warehouse at the foot of West Twelfth street, New York, on the 28th ult., caused damage to the the extent of about $77,000.

—"Jack" Keef, a local "sport," was fatally shot by Morgan Anderson in a disreputable house in Wooster, Ohio, on the the 28th ult.

—Jefferson Riggle, a special office at the Union Depot, in Fort Worth, Texas, became violently maniacial on the 28th ult. "He took charge of one room, and kept everybody about the depot terrorized. When a Missouri Pacific passenger train arrived on the evening of the 29th ult., Riggle emerged from the waiting room, where he had imprisoned himself, and entered one of the coaches. The passengers fled panic-stricken from the cars. Riggle was armed with a six-shooter." He was finally overpowered by four men, and the train moved on.

—The family of F. C. M. Lautz, in Buffalo, ate for dinner on the 28th ult., a hash, of which one of the ingredients was raw-pork, "to give the hash a flavor." Later in the afternoon the family were taken very sick, the servant girl being taken sick at night. All the sick persons, six in number, are said to be in great danger.

—The house of William Miller, near Sherman, Texas, was burned on the 27th ult., and his two daughters, 10 and 12 years of age, perished in the flames. Otto Plotz, 31 years of age, was burned to death in an outhouse near Manchester, New Hampshire, on the 28th ult. He had been drinking.

—The Knisely and Miller Galvanized Iron Works, in Chicago, were damaged by fire on the 27th ult., to the extent of $40,000.

—Three dynamite bombs—pieces of copper pipe plugged at each end and with fuses attached—were found on a vacant lot in Chicago on the 28th ult. The finder threw two of them into the river, but the third was taken to a police station, where it was "recognized as one of those made by Anarchists."

—The Republican State Convention of Pennsylvania on the 30th ult. nominated the following ticket: For Governor, General James A. Beaver; Lieutenant Governor, William T. Davies; Auditor General, A. Wilson Norris; Secretary of Internal Affairs, Thomas J. Stewart; Congressman-at-Large, Edwin S. Osborne. The platform adopted declares for the repeal of the limitation of arrears of pensions; approves the Inter-State Commerce bill pending in Congress; demands the prohibition of the importation "of foreign pauper labor, criminal and contract labor, and the products of European criminal labor;" declares for the protection of our dairy products from "unjust competition, and from any or all adulterations or counterfeits;" favors arbitration in labor troubles; demands the maintenance of the protective tariff, and expresses the opinion that the Legislature should at once adopt measures for the submission of a Prohibitory Constitutional amendment to a vote of the people.

—At Albion, New York, on the 29th ult., when the Chicago express train was moving out of the station, a tall, dark complexioned young man "jumped aboard, rushed into a car, snatched a hand-bag from the lap of a Boston lady on the way to Niagara Falls, jumped from the moving train and escaped." The bag contained a large sum of money, valuable papers and a ticket from Boston to Niagara Falls and return.

—A great cave-in occurred on the 30th ult., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad at No. 8, Stockton breaker, near Hazleton. The chasm is 300 feet long by 150 wide. Travel on the railroad was stopped, but a track is being laid around the spot.

—A new enemy of the cotton crop has appeared at Raleigh, North Carolina. "Lice attach themselves to the under surface of the leaves and suck the juce of the leaves and young buds as soon as the latter put forth. A healthy stalk will in one or two days after being attacked look as if it had been dipped in hot water, and be drawn into knots and granulations. They are damaging the crop to the extent of perhaps fifty per cent."

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 28th ult., Mr. Edmunds reported a bill removing the political disabilities of William H. F. Lee, of Virginia, and Mr. George a like bill for John K. Mitchell, of Virginia, both of which were passed by the necessary two-thirds vote, without debate. The Chair presented the conference report on the Post-office Appropriation bill, stating that the committee was unable to agree. The question being on the subsidy provision, Mr. Plumb moved to insist upon the $800,000 ocean mail transportation clause added by the Senate to the bill. After debate the Senate insisted on its amendment by a vote of 33 yeas to 12 nays, 6 Democrats voting with the Republicans in the affirmative. The Des Moines River veto, upon motion of Mr. Plumb, was then taken up. Mr. Evarts spoke in support of the veto, and Mr. Allison in opposition to it. Pending debate, the Senate went into executive session, and, when the doors were re-opened, adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 29th a joint resolution was passed appointing General William S. Sewell, of New Jersey, General Martin T. McMahon, of New York, and Captain John L. Mitchell, of Wisconsin, to be managers of the National Homes for Disabled Soldiers, to fill vacancies. Mr. Beck introduced a bill, which was referred, authorizing the Postmaster General to appoint and remove postmasters of the third class—who are now appointed and removed by the President. The bill to quiet the titles of settlers on the Des Moines river lands was passed over the Presidents veto by a vote of 34 to 15. Conference reports on the Army Appropriation bill, and the bill to amend the Pacific Railroad acts, were agreed to. The Legislative Appropriation bill was considered, pending which the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 30th ult., a long speech written by Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, against public executive sessions, was read by Mr. Manderson. Mr. Horn also spoke at much length against the proposed change. Two vetoes of pension bills were presented and referred. A conference report on the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Chair laid before the Senate a joint resolution extending the appropriations for ten days. Mr. Edmunds objected to the second reading of the joint resolution, and said he would state his reasons to-day. The Legislature Appropriation bill was considered, a night session being held, but it was not disposed of.

HOUSE

In the House, on the 25th, the Speaker presented the various veto messages transmitted by the President. They were read by the Clerk and severally referred to the Committee on Pensions or on Invalid Pensions, until that vetoing the bill granting a pension to the widow of Major General Hunter was reached, when Mr. Hepburn, of Iowa, moved that its consideration be postponed until the 29th. The motion was lost, yeas 95, nays 141, and the message took the usual course. The Sundry Civil bill was considered in Committee of the Whole. Pending action the Committee rose. An evening session was held for the consideration of pension bills. Adjourned.

In the U. S. House of Representatives on the 26th a conference report was agreed to on requiring the land grant railroads to pay the cost of selecting, conveying and surveying their lands. As the bill originally passed the House it applied only to the Union Pacific system, but as amended by the Senate and agreed to by the Conference Committee, its provisions are extended to all land grant roads. The Sundry Civil bill was considered in Committee of the Whole. When about half the bill had been considered the committee rose and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 28th ult., a number of bills were introduced under the call of the States. Among them was Mr. Randall's Tariff bill, which was referred to the Ways and Means Committee. Mr. King, of Louisiana, introduced a resolution declaring that the United States will view with disfavor the contemplated action of the French Government legalizing the De Lesseps' lottery scheme "or any other measure calculated to identify it with the Panama Canal, as such action is opposed to the policy of the American people as expressed by the Chief Executive of the United States at the interception of this canal and which policy is now most emphatically repeated and reiterated by the United States." The Sundry Civil bill was resumed in Committe of the Whole. Pending its consideration the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 29th ult., a conference report on the Pension Appropriation bill was agreed to. The General Deficiency bill was reported and referred to the Committee of the Whole. It appropriates $6,602,845. The conference report on the Post Office Appropriation bill was agreed to. The Senate recedes from the amendment which authorizes the Postmaster General to contract for inland and foreign steamboat service when it can be combined in one route, where the foreign office is not more than 200 miles distant from the domestic office, on the same terms as inland steamboat service. The Senate also recedes from the amendment increasing by $80,000 the appropriation for railway postal car service, and from the foreign mail service amendment, known as the "subsidy" amendment. Conference reports on the Army and Agricultural Appropriation bills were also agreed to and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 30th ult., bills were reported establishing a commission to examine, adjust and report upon all claims arising out of Indian treaties and Indian depredations, and amending the laws relating to the inspection of steam vessels (a Senate bill). Mr. Breckenridge, from the Ways and and Means Committee, reported a bill to regulate the manufacture of vinegar from grain. The Sundry Civil bill was resumed, and the last page of the bill was reached in committee. A conference report on the Diplomatic Appropriation bill was agreed to. Adjourned.

In order to render glue insoluble in water, even hot water, it is only necessary when dissolving the glue for use to add a little potassium bichromate to the water, and to expose the glued part to the light. The proportion of bichromate will vary with circumstances, but for most purposes about one-fiftieth of the amount of glue will suffice.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef	4	@	5¼
Hogs	5½	@	6¾
Sheep	2¾	@	8½
Cotton, Middling	9¾	@	9¾
Flour, Western	$3 75	@$	4 90
do Pennsylvania	2 50	@	4 75
Wheat, Western White	0 83	@	0 85¼
do Pennsylvania	0 83	@	0 90
Rye	55	@	58
Oats	35¼	@	37
Corn	35	@	44¼
Petroleum	7	@	7¼
do refined	8	@	8¼
Butter	12	@	18
Cheese	3	@	7¼
Wool, Penna and Ohio	26	@	35
do N. Y. and Western	21	@	36
do Canada	25	@	35
Hops	3	@	10
Provisions—Pork, per bbl	19 00	@	12 00
Beef Hams	8 00	@	24 00
Lard	5½	@	7
Coffee	8	@	22
Sugar	4¾	@	5½
do refined	5¾	@	6¾
Rice	5	@	7
Fish—Mackerel, mess	31 00	@	40 00
do bay 1s	23 00	@	35 00
Codfish	3 75	@	5 00
Herring	3 50	@	5 00
Straw—Rye	16 00	@	17 00
do Oats	9 00	@	9 50
Hay—Timothy	12 50	@	15 00

NEW YORK.

Flour, Western	$2 50	@	4 90
do Pennsylvania	2 50	@	4 75
Wheat, Western	0 82	@	0 84¾
do Pennsylvania	0 83	@	0 90
Cotton, Middling	9	@	10¾
Apples	2 00	@	3 00
Coffee	8	@	22
Sugar	4¾	@	6¾
Molasses	17½	@	40
Petroleum	7	@	8¾
Clover Seed	10¾	@	11
Timothy	2 05	@	2 10

Regret.

I do not mourn, sweet wife of mine,
Because those ruby lips of thine—
That marble brow—
Were kissed by one who might have been,
Had I not chanced to step between,
Thy husband now.

I do not grieve because thy heart,
Ere Cupid touched it with my dart,
For him would beat,
Nor that the hand which owns my ring
Once wore his gift a "Mispah" thing,
It was but meet.

I sigh not that his arms were placed
Some scores of time around your waist,
So sweet and slim.
Ah, no my love! the woe you see
Is mine because you wedded me
Instead of him.

MISS RUTH'S SCHOLAR.

Miss Ruth Clifford has taken the seat of authority in her little school, on Monday morning, the period of its commencement.

She was a rosy, pretty little creature of scarcely sixteen, with a dimple in each cheek, lips like May roses, and big blue eyes, where the light seemed to glow and deepen at every impulse that passed through her mind. The idea of her being a grim, stern schoolmistress was rather absurd, but then Ruth was poor, and they wanted some one to teach the school who had graduated in the city, so here she was at ten dollars a month, trying to look as old and dignified as possible.

"Teacher! teacher!" croaked little Tommy Marten, "here's Hugh Leslie in the school, and the trustees said he shouldn't come no more, 'cause he didn't pay the last two quarters!"

"Hugh Leslie, come here," said Miss Clifford, pushing her brown curls away from her forehead with a puzzled air, and Hugh shambled up to the desk, a great awkward clown, full as old as the school-mistress, and a head taller.

"Is it true that you are behindhand with your tuition money?" asked Ruth.

"Yes'm, it's true," sullenly answered the young giant, twisting his ragged cap in both horny hands.

"Cause his father gets drunk, and his mother hain't no money," shrilly interrupted Tommy Martin.

"Tommy, will you be silent?" said Ruth with dignity. "Then, Hugh, what are you here for?"

"I want to get book larnin'," solemnly answered Hugh.

"Teacher, he's a real bad boy, he thrashed the master last term," piped Mary Hopkins.

"And he stole the picture books out o' Joseph Miller's desk, chimed in Harry Smith.

"Hugh," said Ruth gravely, "you may go. I don't care for such pupils in my school."

Hugh turned slowly away, still twisting his cap, with downcast eyes and drooping head; Ruth pitied him in her heart.

"Hugh," she said, softly.

"Ma'am!" he started and turned.

"I am very sorry to send you away, Hugh. If I allow you to remain, do you think you can behave yourself?"

"I'll try, Ma'am," the boy said, with a gleam of hope in his face.

"And who'll pay his schoolin' money?" demanded the disappointed Tommy.

"I will," said Ruth: "Go and take your seat, Hugh."

And through all the term Ruth had no better scholar nor more diligent pupil than Hugh.

"You have improved very much, Hugh," she said, as they walked home through the pine woods the last day of the term. "I am sorry I shall not be here next year to help you on, but you must study perseveringly, and you will be sure to prosper."

"I'd like to learn a trade," said Hugh, musingly, "and get a respectable livin'."

"And there is no reason why you should not," said Ruth, encouragingly.

"My folks are a bad lot," sighed the boy, "and nobody wants to employ Siah Leslie's boy."

"But when they see that Siah's Leslie's boy is honest and industrious, and wishes to earn a decent livelihood, they will judge very differently."

Hugh burst into tears.

"Oh, teacher, teacher! you are the only one who ever told me I could be different from the dram-drinkin' set at home. If you only wasn't going away!"

Ruth tried to console and comfort the lamenting young Goliath, but the last she saw of him he was sitting with his head against the trunk of a tree, with now and then a strong sob shaking his whole form.

"Poor fellow!" she thought. "I hope he'll come to good."

She did not know that, close to his heart, he was wearing a bit of blue ribbon that she had one day dropped in the school-room. She might have smiled, had she known it—she might have been angry. But to Hugh it was all he had left of the pretty creature who had been like a guardian angel to him.

And ten years passed away, and Ruth completely forgot the young clown of the village.

"I want you to look your prettiest to-night, Ruth, for I have a new cavalier to introduce to you—a splendid fellow!"

"Indeed! who is it?"

"Well, he is a friend of Mr. Tracy's, just arrived from Europe, where I am told he has distinguished himself in scientific and literary circles, besides having received an inheritance from some far away Scotch relative that makes him independently wealthy. Isn't it quite romantic? And he is so handsome, too! His name is—"

But here some new visitor, claiming Mrs. Tracy's attention—it was the day of her weekly morning reception—interrupted her enthusiastic recital, and Ruth Clifford did not hear the name of the new lion.

However, she went home, and, acting on Mrs. Tracy's suggestion, dressed herself in "her prettiest," no very elaborate costume to be sure, for Ruth was poor, but one whose delicate good taste could scarcely be rivaled. A white dress, relieved by straw colored ribbons and sash, and a few yellow roses in her bright hair, formed the whole of her toilet, but when she looked in the glass after the finishing touch was given, and all was complete, there was a smile of gratified pride on her pretty lips. She did not think Mrs. Tracy would have reason to be ashamed of her friend.

"You are looking very nicely, my love," said the young matron, with a satisfied little nod, as she beckoned Ruth to her side. And five minutes afterward, Ruth heard her name pronounced.

"Miss Clifford, allow me to present Mr. Leslie."

Ruth looked timidly up into a pair of deep brown eyes, and acknowledged to herself that the European traveler was very handsome, with his stately, erect figure, his Greek features and the polished, indescribable grace of his air and manner.

Mr. Leslie devoted himself to Ruth that evening, and when she went home, she told her mother she never had had such a "nice time" in all her life before.

He called the next morning to inquire how she was after the fatigues of the party night, and he sent a basket of Northern flowers that evening, and he took her to the opera the next night, but one and presently Mrs. Tracy began to laugh and look knowing.

"You have stolen his heart away with your blue eyes and your demure airs, Ruth," she said, gayly.

And one soft April evening, he asked her if she would be his wife—and she said yes.

"My darling love," he said, fervently, "it is right and fitting that your happiness should be the care of my life, for it is your hand that has lifted me to the position I now occupy in the world."

"My hand?"

"Yes."

He drew from his bosom a narrow, faded bit of blue ribbon.

"Do you remember who dropped this ribbon from her hair, one autumn day, ten years ago, in the little red schoolhouse at Lakeville?"

Ruth looked at him in surprise.

"And do you remember who picked it up? a great awkward fellow, Hugh Leslie by name? Well, he has kept it ever since, and now he wears it, as a badge of the devotion he bears his sweet lady-love."

"Yes—but——"

"Did you never suspect that we were one and the same? Well, I must confess we are changed—and yet, Ruth, I date my first aspiration toward the good and noble on that day when you offered to pay my neglected schooling, and refused to listen to the parrot-like aspersions of those around me. Ruth your scholar has graduated at last."

And Ruth Clifford felt in the newly-born glow of her happiness that she had indeed cast her bread upon the waters, and many days afterward it had returned to her.

Who Sets Fashions for Women.

The Gainsborough hat is again coming into style. Some four or five years ago it was quite fashionable, but was driven out of vogue by the ridicule of the press and sarcasm of theatre-goers. It disappeared from street and parquet for a time, but has become again the rage. The other day during a brief interval of sunshine a lady wearing a Gainsborough nearly three feet in diameter walked on the west side of State street, from Lake to Adams. She was stared at by 10,000 curious eyes, and was the object of 1,000 remarks ranging from sarcasm to wonder. She did not seem to mind it, but strolled leisurely along with her parasol at an angle of 45 degrees, and hummed an air from the "Mikado." She was in no hurry, but stopped at every other shop window and gazed therein. She had not walked a block before the universal feminine comment was: "The Gainsboroughs are coming in again." And so they are if that lady is as good an advertisement as she has been in the past. She is under salary from a millinery firm on Wabash avenue, and I have seen her walk more than one article of head dress into popularity in the self-same way.

Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness.

A SNOW WHITE IBEX KILLED.

A Rare Animal Disposed of by an Old Trapper in the Owl Mountains.

In the Owl Mountains, Washington Territory, is seen at long intervals a snow or white ibex. One of these rare animals was recently killed by an old trapper and hunter known as Shoshone Jack. The snow ibex attains the size of the big horn or mountain sheep, has a coat of dazzling white and is of the true ibex breed. It is both active and powerful, and when driven to bay is a most dangerous adversary. Its massive horns, with their backward sweep of two feet, are formidable weapons, and are formidably used. Some years since Tom Anten, then a mountain prospector and hunter, now half owner in the noted Bonanza Oil Spring, Big Horn Basin, came near losing his life in an encounter with a snow ibex in the Owl Mountains. Tom was in pursuit of a band of blacktail deer, when he espied ahead of him what he at first took for a moving snow heap. Soon, however, he saw it was an animal, and a moment later he knew it must be the famed mountain rara avis, a snow ibex. The ibex, an old ram, was within fair range, and Anten at once pulled upon him. At the crack of the rifle the animal fell dead in his tracks. Hastening up to secure the rare prize, Anton suddenly found himself confronted by the infuriated animal. A most tremendous butt sent the hunter flying into the air, and when he struck the ground the ram was on top of him. And now the heavy, curved horns of the furious brute were dashed again and again against the anatomy of the hunter. Every bone and joint felt the fearful punishment. Finally Anten succeeded in grasping one of the heavy horns, and dragging himself to his knees, confronted his furious assailant. He held on desperately, and was forced to the brink of a rough and steep mountain washout. Here Anten succeeded in drawing his hunting knife. He made several ineffectual passes with this weapon and the closely clasped foes went down the washout together. The ibex struck the bottom underneath, and the keen and ready blade of the hunter drank deep of its blood. Again and again did the knife strike home and the snow ibex was a corpse. When dressed, the carcass weighed 125 pounds, and the flesh proved excellent eating. The Owl Mountains seem to be the only Wyoming district in which the snow ibex is found. There are said to be a few in certain localities of the Montana mountains.

How Kerosene is Distilled.

Petroleum consists of a great many different fluids, which range in volatility from the boiling point of ether to nearly a red heat. Such being the case, as soon as the oil is heated at all, the most valuable products begin to come over, at first colorless as water, but very gradually assuming a yellow tinge until the most dense distillation coming over at the last is quite dark brown in color, so that if all the distillate were allowed to run into a tank together it would not look very differently from the original petroleum.

In the ordinary process of refining petroleum the distillate is divided into three portions. The first is the lightest colorless portion, nearly as volatile as ether, and is called crude naptha, or "benzine." Like the crude petroleum, this crude naptha may be distilled and divided into gasoline, A, B and C naptha, which are used in gas machines, for mixing paints and other similar purposes, sometimes, also, for burning in lamps and stoves. The middle portion of the distillate, which is neither very light nor very heavy, and having but little color, is the crude or illuminating oil or kerosene. As it runs from the still it has a very offensive odor, due to decomposition of certain portions of the petroleum at the high temperature reached in the still.

To remove the offensive compounds the oil is first agitated with about 5 per cent. of oil of vitriol. This combines with the offensive oils forming a black, tarry residue that falls to the bottom of the tank as soon as the oil is brought to rest. The mixture of acid and oil is called "sludge," and is used in large quantities in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. After the acid is drawn off and the oil washed with water, it is again washed with a strong solution of caustic soda, which removes the excess of sulphuric acid and some peculiar acid compounds that exist in the oil.

The oil after another washing with water, is nearly colorless, with the balsamic odor of kerosene, and possesses a slight opalescence peculiar to these oils. As usually prepared they belong to the class known as "high test" kerosenes and consist almost entirely of oils that exist in the petroleum already formed, being merely separated from the largest and heaviest portions. Such oils are called the educts of the petroleum. The heaviest portions of the distillate contain paraffine oils. They also, are mainly educts of the original oil; they however, contain a much larger proportion than the kerosene of the products of the oil. A tarry residue remains in the still called "residuum."

In youth, grief is a tempest which makes you ill; in old age it is only a cold wind, which adds a wrinkle to your face and one more white lock to the others;

A Modern Undine

I fear to say it, be it but a breath,
Lest I should see those swiftly startled eyes
Glance fearfully, as those eyes will I know,
When in love's dawn thy childhood's sweetness dies.

I fear to speak, to see those blushes burn
With new sweet meaning in thy womanhood;
I fear to give the touch which will dispel
Thy innocence, be it for woe or good.

Perhaps those steadfast eyes will coyly droop,
And curling lashes lie on blooming cheek,
When through thy heart love's words will pierce for aye.
And through thy life another's life will break.

I fear—Oh! Love, I love so tenderly—
Thy childish, girlish visions to dispel;
If those pure eyes would look less calm and deep,
How sweet the story my fond lips would tell.

I fear to mar the tenor of thy life
By hands whose tender, unfamiliar touch
Might frighten thee, or my sweet tale were told,
Of how I'd die, in loving thee so much.

"Sweetheart," I cannot wait; my heart must tell
The secret that has brightened all my past;
Ah! Love, how sweet upon this tale to dwell
When in thy radiant eyes love beams at last

PRIZE LILIES.

"Five of them, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, triumphantly. "Great, rich scrolls, as white as cream, each with a golden spear rising out of its heart, and surrounded by rank, green leaves, crouching over the edge of Grandma Dallas' old majolica pot."

"Heyday, heyday!" said Uncle Kress, who sat among his manuscripts in the latticed library, with one quill-pen back of his ear and one in his hand. "Our little Tibbie is getting poetical. Golden spears, eh? White as cream? So I shall have to hand over the prize to you, shall I?"

"Circumstances point in that direction, Uncle Kress," said Tibbie, with a gleeful sparkle to her eyes. "Ten dollars in gold. Don't you wish you had been less rash in registering promises?"

"What will Isabel say?" shrewdly questioned Mr. Kress, as he began to cut a new quill-pen, with a keen-bladed penknife.

"Poor Isabel, she is so vexed about it," said Tibbie. "I really think, Uncle Kress, that if she could have done it with her glances, she would have blighted every one of those calla-lily buds of mine."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Mr. Kress, slicing diligently away at the quill.

"Well, Uncle, I only say what I think. But where are you going to put the lilies? On the reading-desk, or at the foot of the font?"

"Haven't made up my mind yet," said Uncle Kress. "Take them around to the church Saturday afternoon, and I'll decide at the eleventh hour where they shall stand."

So Tibbie Kress ("her given name," as the old ladies phrase it, was Elizabeth) went merrily home, thinking what she should do with the precious gold-eagle, which was to be the prize for the pot of calla-lilies; and in the midst of her exultation there came a pang of pity for Isabel, whose lilies had all gone to leaf, and produced never a bud at all.

"A new bonnet is what I need most," said Tibbie, as she surveyed her limited wardrobe—"a bonnet of split straw, with Nile-green ribbons, and a cluster of daisies and mignonnette—a real springy spring bonnet."

Which was an entirely feminine decision, especially when it was taken into account that Tibbie had not had a new bonnet in a year, and that Harold Vannecker always came down to the little Westburgh church on Easter Sunday.

Isabal and Tibbie were sisters in blood. Mentally and morally they were as unlike as if they had been born on different continents.

Isabel was a dark-browed, rich-lipped girl, who bore a grudge against fate for having made a school teacher of her instead of an heiress. Tibbie was a plump, smiling young damsel, who accepted circumstances as they came, and made the best of them.

And Mrs. Duckworth, the matronly old lady with whom they boarded, expressed her opinion very plainly, "that Miss Tibbie was worth a dozen of Miss Isabel, and so Mr. Vannecker thought, too, or she was off her calculations!"

"Well," said Isabel, contemptuously, as Tibbie came into the sitting-room, which the two girls shared in common, "I suppose you have been to the parsonage, to crow over me."

"Don't be vexed, Bell," said Tibbie, depreciatingly. "Of course, I had to tell Uncle Kress that the lilies were ready for him."

"And to demand the prize?"

"I had a right to claim his promise, Bella."

Isabel bit her lip.

"I shall never try to bloom lilies again for Easter,' said she. "It's all nonsense!"

Tibbie did not answer.

Had Isabel's lilies bloomed, and hers failed, she told herself, she should not have withheld sympathy and congratulation from her more fortunate rival!

That new bonnet—the first new bonnet that Tibbie had ever bought out and out from a milliner in New York—what a marvel of richness and freshness and beauty it was!

How had she ever been satisfied with the commonplace creations of her own fingers, made out of sponged silk, dyed ribbons, and flowers which were so utterly unflower-like? These were the merest apologies; this was a bonnet!

Tibbie could not help feeling pleasantly conscious of it as she passed up the church aisle that morning, wondering if it became her—secretly glad to think that Harold Vannecker would be there to see her wear it.

But as she settled herself into her own cosy little corner of the church-pew, she chanced to glance up, and to her surprise there was the painted majolica pot and the rich, arrow-shaped leaves seeming to overflow its brim with greenery on either side; but not a solitary lily was to be seen.

Was she dreaming? Where were the five royal acres of whiteness which had lifted up their imperial heads when she carried in the pot last night?.

Roses blossomed on the altar; bouquets of white carnations flung spicy sweetness on the air; slender ropes of smilax were festooned along the rails, with here and there a knot of violets fastened in; a vase of cut callas stood on the reading-desk. Out of all the Easter lilies that Tibbie had watched grow and expand to their pearly perfection, not one remained.

She thought the time never would come when she could see her uncle come down the steps, with his sermon-case under his arm, and his old-fashioned soft hat pulled over his brow.

In the breezy church-yard the willow boughs swayed to and fro, the short grass was starred with dandelions, and the bland spring sunshine folded everything in a veil of gold; but a cloud seemed to descend over all these things when Tibbie caught the grave, reproachful look on her uncle's face.

Harold Vennecker stood beside Mr. Kress; he lifted his hat to Tibbie; but the girl scarcely noticed his presence.

"Uncle, you are vexed with me!" she cried. "What is it? Is it the bonnet? Did you think it was too gay? And oh, uncle, what became of the lilies?"

Uncle Kress looked gravely at her.

"I scarcely expected such a tricky thing of you, Elizabeth," said he. "If you had wanted the ten dollars so badly, why didn't you tell me, and I would have given it to you, out and out? But deceit—even practical joking—God's altar is not the place for that!"

Tibbie had grown very pale.

"Uncle," she gasped, "I don't understand you!"

"We will not discuss it further," said Mr. Kress, waving his hand. "You will find your lilies lying out there under the southern eaves. Take them and go!"

Tibbie was turning vaguely in the direction to which her uncle pointed, but Mr. Vannecker was before her. Stooping down, he gathered up a handful of coarse paper scrolls with gaudily-painted yellow pistils in their centres.

"Paper Lilies!" gasped Tibbie—"artificial ones! But I don't understand this! What does it all mean? Where are my lilies?"

"These are the lilies that I found fastened rudely in among your green leaves this morning," said Mr. Kress, coldly. "It was a poor jest to play, a deception which was self-evident in itself. Not like you, Elizabeth—no, not like you!"

Tibbie looked from her uncle to Mr. Vannecker without a word. For the moment it seemed as if speech were frozen upon her lips, but all at once she broke into a piteous cry.

"Who has been tampering with my lilies," she wailed—"my white, beautiful lilies?"

'I think I have a clew to this puzzle,' said Mr. Vannecker, calmly. "I was in the back of Durivage's book-store, yesterday, looking at an old black-letter edition of Chaucer, that he had laid aside for me, when a lady came into the front department and asked the price of some paper lilies that lay on the counter. Instinctively I looked up, for they were the very things I had laughed at, asking Durivage jeeringly if he supposed that any one would be insane enough to purchase such monstrosities as that; and he had replied that there was more imitation in that sort of thing than I had any idea of. To my astonishment the lady was Miss Isabel Kress, and she bought the lilies and went out. We came down from New York in the same train, but I was prevented from going and speaking to her by a man who button-holed me on business matters, and I do not think she knew of my being near. When I strolled past the church last night, I saw Isabel Kress herself going in. I stopped and asked the old sexton if the church was open.

"Noa, not reg'lar open," he answered; "but there's a young lady a-puttin' flowers in."

"Naturally I thought of Tibbie, here, and went in. But it was not Tibbie that I saw in the far end of the church, stealthily breaking off the white blossoms in the great majolica pot and inserting the odious paper imitations in their place—it was Isabel. I stood still and watched her as she transferred the real lilies to a basket that hung on her arm, as she gathered her shawl around her and glided out again, with a strange evil smile on her face, quite unaware of me standing in the shadow of the gallery.

"It was a strange pantomine. I did not understand it then, but I understand it now. Miss Isabel Kress bore her sister some grudge, and sought to be revenged."

"Yes," said a quick, excited voice close by, as Isabel emerged from the sheltering shade of a group of laurels, "it is all true, every word of it! I meant to take down Tibbie's pride, and I've done it—for a moment at least. There's my confession—make what you will of it!"

And with a short, shrill laugh, she swept away, her lip curved contemptuously.

"My dear," said Mr. Kress, drawing Tibbie close to him, "forgive me. I judged too suddenly; but I didn't think it was in Bell's nature to be so vindictive."

"Let me walk home with Tibbie, sir," said Mr. Vannecker. "You are in a hurry, and she does not seem able to walk fast."

They did not make great haste back to Mrs. Duckworth's cottage—not by any means. They walked around by the river, where the leaf buds were swelling out and there was a faint, sweet smell of growing grass; they lingered under the alders, and stopped to rest by the moss-grown churchyard wall; and when at last they reached the cottage, and Vannecker parted from her at the door, old Mrs. Duckworth nodded her head and looked wondrously wise.

"I don't a bit mind my pudding being over-baked now," said she. "Bless me! don't I know what it all means? There's a ring on her finger that wasn't there this time yesterday; there's a look in her eyes that warms my heart. Well, well, Easter is a lucky day to get engaged upon!"

And Mrs. Duckworth was not far wrong in her conjectures.

Marry in your own religion.

PERILOUS SPINSTERS.

No Flirt so Dangerous as a Single Woman at 55.

"I don't like it," he said, bad temperedly. "That's the 10th old lady who's fallen in love with me."

"I think that's complimentary to you."

"Is it? Oh, yes. That's all right. I go to a party, and the old lady takes me into a corner and begins to talk to me, and she has a pretty daughter, and there's an ocean of pretty girls, and I see somebody I want to dance with, and the old lady says:

"'You don't want to dance. Sit here and talk to me.'"

"Well, why don't you get out and dance?"

"I can't. A nice old lady, who flatters you by asking your opinion of her daughter's beaux, and tickles your vanity with all sorts of pretty little touches—I tell you, my boy, you may talk as you like about young women and widows, and spinsters and flirts, but there isn't any flirt in creation so dangerous as a single woman at 55, whose hair is just sprinkled with silver. They have ways about them. Confound it all, I remember getting quite spoony on an old lady of 60, who was too old to dream of disguising her age."

"You laugh! All right. Some day you'll catch it, perhaps. But you don't seem to be lovable. If they'd only get mad and let you alone. But, no, they simply take a snub quietly and wait the next chance."

"I don't think that's everybody's experience."

"May be not. That makes it all the worse. You see, an old lady is privileged to talk out, even about love, and when she talks of love, you think she means as a son or something like that. Then you find out it's just the same kind of love as anybody elses, and you've kind of encouraged it and accepted it, especially if she has money. Even money is no good. I knew an old widow lady of 65, who was passionately attached to me, and when she died she left all her money to a congregation. I tell you I'm not going to stand it any more. The next old lady who falls in love with me will get left, and don't you forget it."

HOW CIGARS ARE MADE.

A Brief Description of the Process of Manufacturing Them.

The process of cigar-making shows a vast amount of skilful work, fairly mathematical in its exactness, and in many cases artistic in the extreme.

The deft fingers of women are largely employed in the manufacture of cigars, and the skilled labor of women is generally preferable to that of men. Working with tobacco softens the skin of the hands to such an extent that you seldom find a person engaged in the manufacture of cigars who does not have genteel hands. Neither does the tobacco discolor the hands. The reporter saw women making cigars in Denver recently whose hands might well have been the envy of the finest lady in the land. Those with long, taper fingers seemed to be the most successful manipulators, and rolled the pliant tobacco into the most exact shapes, much as the soft fingers of some aristocratic lady roll fancy lamp-lighters for a church affair.

The finest grade of tobacco comes from Havana and is used for what is called filling. The wrapper used mostly throughout the Union, is the Sumatra leaf, and is the handsomest and best in use.

In the first place all tobacco is moistened with water, and left standing between twenty-four and forty-eight hours, according to the texture of the tobacco. It is then stripped, that is the stem is taken out, and the leaf opened and spread between two boards for the purpose of keeping it open, and of giving it a flat surface. In this stage, the leaf is dried, and worked into cigars as fillers. The greatest precaution is always taken, that the filler be perfectly dry, or it cannot be smoked, and therefore the cigar would not fulfill its purpose in the least.

Cigars are rolled on flat stones by a deft motion quite indescribable to those who have not seen it. The rolling is but the work of an instant; the tobacco is laid on the stone, the practiced fingers touch it—one minute more and there is a cigar of perfect proportions, which is rapidly passed along to the next man, who snips off the pointed end with a small cutting machine made for the purpose, after which it is passed to another man who ties it up into a bundle with many others of its kind. As a rule the inside wrapper, called the binder ot a cigar, is composed of either Connecticut or Wisconsin tobacco, which, on account of its being very thin and flimsy, and having little taste, does not in the least mar the taste of the Havana filler. Although there are a great many cigars made without binders; still as a rule, the cigars supposed to be made without them are nearly all binders. After the filler is enclosed in the binder it is termed in the trade a "bunch;" the outside binder is then cut, rolled and finished, which completes the process of making what are known as "hand-made cigars."

Cigars are also made in moulds in blocks of twenty forms, or shapes of cigars. These blocks are grooved in the exact shape of the cigar when finished. "Bunches" are made by hand and placed in these grooves, after which a cover fitting the mold exactly is placed over it, like a cover, and is heavy enough to act as a press upon the cigar under it.

In cheap work 300 bunches are prepared at once, inferior cigars being made this way for the reason that they can be made so much cheaper and faster. These are naturally not as good as the hand-made cigars, as machine-making somehow spoils the flavor of the tobacco. They are more shapely than the hand-made cigars and look better, but it is said, do not taste so well.

The secret of the tobacco trade is to make cigars even, spongy and well filled out. The tobacco must be worked in proper condition, and it takes an experienced man always to determine upon what that condition is. After the cigars are made they are assorted in as many colors as the tobacco will run, some varieties running many more than others. It is generally selected in five colors, after which each color is selected into five, six, seven, or even a dozen shades, the bundles running into fives, tens, fifties or hundreds. Loose cigars are also packed in boxes fifty in number.

Fine cigars nowadays run entirely in light shades, and inferior ones in dark. Fashions in cigars change just as they do in everything else, and are no more like they were ten years ago, than is a lady's bonnet of the present time, like one made a dozen years since. The principal method of obtaining dark tobacco is by steaming it in a closed chamber, which is the process called re-sweating.

At the larger Denver factories the reporter found many Spaniards and Bohemians employed, most of whom are very skillful workmen. Women are seen everywhere, and numbers of children earn from $5 to $7 per week making cigars. The workmen are paid by the thousand, the best of them earning from $18 to $20 per week.

One of the proprietors said he had smoked for thirty-five years, and he believed it had never hurt him in the least.

All classes of men smoked, he said—professional men, business men, scientists, authors, day-laborers—and one seemed to enjoy it as much as another; there was no way of deciding upon what class smoked most. Physicians were inveteterate smokers, but so, he repeated, were men from all other walks in life. As a rule, he thought a man will chew tobacco or a cigar when he is worried, but will not smoke unless his mind is comparatively at rest. Smoking was a great after-dinner enjoyment, and, he thought, promoted digestion. It never made him sleepy, but rather roused his brain and made him able to think better. Men, on an average, smoked about four cigars per day, at an expenditure of about 50 cents. Cuban and South American women were great smokers, but he had seldom seen respectable women smoke in this country.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

"And you saw her often?" asked a listener of the English lady who was speaking of Mrs. Browning. "Yes, very often. I was in Italy that winter. She had come down to Rome for a little change, and I went to see her almost every day. Ah, that was something to remember!" "Was she beautiful?" asked the listener. "Tell me about her."

"No, she was not what people call beautiful; but she was more and better. I can see her now, as she lay there on the sofa. I never saw her sitting up. She was always in white. She wore white dresses, trimmed with white lace, with white fleecy shawls wrapped around her, and her dark brown hair used to be let down, and fall all about her like a veil. Her face used to seem to me something already not of the earth—it was so pale, so pure, and with great dark eyes that gleamed like stars. Then her voice was so sweet you never wanted her to stop speaking, but it was also so low you could only hear it by listening carefully."

"Was Mr. Browning there?"

"Oh, yes, and he used to watch her as one watches who has the most precious object in the whole world to keep guard over. He looked out for her comfort as tenderly as a woman.

"I think there never was another marriage like that; a marriage that made two poet souls one forever. Don't you notice how Browning always speaks of finding again the 'soul of his soul'? It was easy enough to see that that was just what she was. And the boy was there, too, a little fellow, with long golden hair, and I remember how quietly he used to play, how careful he was not to disturb his mother. Sometimes he used to stand for a long time beside her, with her 'spirit-small hand,' as her husband called it, just playing with his curls. I wonder if she could have known that she was going away from him so soon.

"Sometimes I have thought he felt some premonition of it, he was so quiet and loving and unlike other children; but perhaps it was only because his father had taught him, above all things, not to 'disturb mamma.'"

"The end came soon after that?"

"Yes, very soon. Only think, that was a quarter of a century ago, and the son is a bluff, hearty-looking Englishman now, painting pictures and carving statues, and the husband's hair has grown white as snow, and no other woman has ever taken the place she left vacant. Well, I'm glad I saw her when she was only almost but not yet quite an angel."

The Remedies of Our Ancestors.

Before the diffusion of a knowledge of the circulation of the blood by Harvey, in 1619, the theories of medicine were based almost entirely upon the writings of Galen, a physician of Pergamus, who lived under the writings of the Roman Emperors Hadrian, the Antonines, Commodus and Severus, in the second century of our era. The practice of the healing art was mostly made up of the use of simples—herbs or minerals—the form or source of which gave an idea of their use. Blood-letting, burning the skin with the hot iron, the application to it of balsams and various drugs having a pleasing or disgusting odor, horrible farragoes or sometimes hundreds of heterogeneous materials, blistering, frictions, bathing in certain springs or rivers supposed to have some wondrous power over certain ailments, applications to the skin or taking into the stomach of oils coming from all sorts of sources—such were the remedies of our ancestors.

Emetics and cathartics held high rank alongside of blood-letting. Rational medicine, the child of patient observation and physiology, was not born. Chemistry had not emerged from the mist of alchemy, and had furnished only a few valuable products for the relief of suffering. The "nepenthe" of the ancient and middle-age writers was probably a secret preparation of opium.

HE OVERSIZED HIM.

An Amusing Scene which Occurred in a Paris Theatre.

Pay-Director Murray, of the United States Navy, is very tall, and is endowed with a physique in full proportion to his height. When sitting, he holds himself very erect, and a ordinary-sized person, if seated behind the genial naval officer, would experience considerable difficulty in obtaining a view of what was passing in front.

Several years ago, while in Paris, Pay-Director Murray visited the Grand Opera House, and was enjoying the performance very quietly, when his pleasure was suddenly interrupted by the mutterings of an individual seated directly behind him. Turning slightly around to discover the cause of his annoyance, he found a diminutive Frenchman in perfect rage over something which was unintelligible to him. Raising his opera-glasses, to obtain a better view of one of the performers, his astonishment may be imagined when he felt his arm pushed down, and a voice trembling with anger hissed into his ear:

"Will you seet down, sair, iv you please?"

The request not only surprised the pay-director, but amused him intensely, and, with a most comical expression in his eyes, he then turned around, surveyed his acquaintance from head to foot, and slowly arose from his chair, stood erect, and, without uttering a word, quietly resumed his former attitude.

The mingled look of dismay and disgust with which the little Frenchman surveyed his hated neighbor, as he stood before him, six feet and six inches tall, caused a most decided laugh to go the rounds, and, being a sensitive little plant, he could not stand the awkward position in which he had unwittingly placed himself; so, with a desperate attempt at an apology, he hurriedly left the theatre.

No. 1.

"Pretty cold this morning!"

"Rather so."

"It looks as if we were going to have some frost; this is peculiar weather for this season of the year."

"So it is."

"What are you doing up so early?"

"To get ahead of the others."

This conversation took place at 3:45 o'clock between a reporter who was going home after his night's work and an expressman who had just arrived with his truck. He blanketed his horse and then tried to keep himself warm by exercising on the street.

"You see," said the expressman, "this corner is worth the most in our business and whoever gets here first is entitled to it. This is a good moving season, and we get loads early in the morning. We come down town sometimes at 3 o'clock, especially in the last and first weeks of the month when people move the most. Sometimes I meet another expressman on the road down town and you ought to see us race for first place on the stand. It's as good as going to the race course."

"What time do you go to bed?"

"About 8 o'clock at night; this gives us plenty of sleep. The horses can rest just as well standing in the street as in the barn. It must seem strange to you to see me down so early in the morning, but it is necessary for me to come as I have so much opposition. There are more trucks in the city than there are business for, and I have to work hard to make a living."

While the expressman was proceeding to tell of his hardships a laborer came along with a dinner pail on his way to work and engaged the truck to remove his household effects. A bargain was speedily made and the truck owner said as he lighted his clay pipe: "I did not come down for nothing. The job will keep me busy until noon, but I might not get another load during the afternoon. I have stood here many a day without earning a cent, and others have had worse luck than I, especially the new expressman. Those of us who have been in the business for years have regular customers. It takes a long time to build up a trade, but you keep what you've got as long as you give satisfaction."

Another expressman drove up a short time afterward and No. 1 shouted to him: "You got left this morning."

The Most Beautiful Woman.

Mr. Carl Becker, the portrait artist, has been making some very successful studies here. A water-color portrait of Justice Miller, of the Supreme Court, now exhibited in an art store, has been highly praised, and portraits in oil of Senator Palmer and Mrs. Joseph McDonald are now on his easel. The wife of ex-Senator McDonald is one of the most strikingly handsome women of her day, and every one has felt that Becker had a chance to distinguish himself with such a model to work from. It was after seeing Mrs. McDonald that Matthew Arnold cried: "Wife! wife! come here! I have seen the most beautiful woman in the world." Scores of people agree with Mr. Arnold in that extravagant praise, and every one acknowledges her great beauty. Becker has made a rather conventional portrait of the charming woman, giving only the head and shoulders, and allowing her to wear the velvet dress so long dear to portrait artists. Otherwise it is a most successful effort, and besides catching the sweetness of expression, with which Mrs. McDonald first wins and fascinates every one, he has shown the strength and character that there really is in that beautiful face. Mrs. McDonald's smile and her lovely eyes give so much animation to her face when speaking, that those who only watch her then hardly appreciate the strength that the same countenance expresses when in repose. Becker has just begun a portrait of Senator McDonald, who is giving him daily sittings now, as he expects to return to Indiana next week. Every visit that the Indiana leader makes here now is taken as a sign that he is to enter the cabinet or take a foreign mission, although he only continues now his habit of visiting the capital yearly, as he had always done after leaving the Senate.

Fate of Great Mine Discoverers.

The superstitious belief is an old one that unless the discoverer of a camp meets an untimely or bloody end his find will never amount to anything; and this seems borne out by facts, since nearly all the discoverers of the great gold mines of the United States, with but few exceptions, have, as the saying goes, "died with their boots on." Of thirty-eight booming towns of early days, the locators of twelve were killed by bullet, three were buried in their creations by cave-ins and the rest drifted away with the tide of immigration, have become lost in oblivion or died and were buried in paupers' graves. George H. Fryer, from whom the celebrated "Fryer Hill," of Leadville, derived its name, died at Denver not long ago from an overdose of morphine administered by his own hand. Two years previous to his death he was worth a million or so, but he died a pauper and almost without a friend.

Old Virginny, after whom the "Consolidated Virginia" was named, and who sold his claim for $25, a pony and a bottle of whisky, came to his death by an overdose from a bucking mule near Dayton, Neb.

Bill Bodie, the discoverer of the great Standard mine in Mono county, Cal. slept his life away in a snow storm while making his way to the mines.

Colonel Storey, who gave his name to the county in Nevada where the Comstock is situated, was killed in battle by the Pyramid Lake Indians.

Thomas Page Comstock died a beggar in a strange land. "Old Pancake," as he was known in the mining camps, committed suicide at Bozeman, Mont., on September 27th, 1870, by shooting himself. He was the leader of the Big Horn expedition that was sent out by Nevada capitalists in search of the Lost Cabin mines, supposed to be somewhere among the Big Horn mountains. The expedition was a failure, and Comstock, whether from disappointment or from some other cause, while encamped near Bozeman, drove a pistol-ball through his head and died instantly. He was buried there, and his grave is unmarked and unknown.

Near the wild spot where twelve years before the hidden treasure of Alder gulch was first revealed to him, William Fairweather was laid down to rest. Like poor "Old Pancake," this erratic soul stranded on the shoals of dissipation, although each in his day had turned the key—the one silver, the other golden—which unlocked millions for others but nothing for themselves. William Farrell, who "struck" Meadow Lake, died a victim to remorse in one of the leading hospitals of San Francisco, "haunted by the spirits of 1,000 deluded pioneers and prospectors passing and repassing his dying bed." The locator of the famous Homestake, in the Black Hills, is said to have afterward turned road agent. Times going hard with him, he attempted to stop a stage loaded and prepared for just such emergencies, and he was planted alongside the road by the tender-hearted express agents whom he tried to rob and kill. Homer, of the Homer district, followed in the suicidal tracks of Comstock. After squandering a small fortune he shot his brains out on the streets of San Francisco. Doughnut Bill, "Old Eureka," Kelse Austin, Lloyd Magruder, "Ninemile Clark," George Hankinson, Henry Plummer and scores of others died violent deaths in one way or another, and reaped nothing from the rich finds each had made in his day. Doughnut Bill was planted in the Lone Mountain cemetery, in Utah, in 1868; a lone grave under a white pine tree in a frontier mining town of California tells where poor "Old Eureka" sleeps his last sleep; Kelse Austin was killed and buried in Elko county, Nevada, fifteen years ago.

Lloyd Magruder, while conducting a number of wagons loaded with treasure from Virginia City to the nearest railroad, was murdered and robbed by his teamsters, who were Plummer's outlaws in disguise; George Hankinson and Henry Plummer was hauled up by vigilantes and strung up without the delay and formality of a trial. In the early days of the mining camps of Montana, Plummer was elected sheriff of the camp about Virginia City. He was the first locator of the rich ground about Virginia City, but thought he could make more money, and quicker, too, by taking what was already mined, than by laboring in the gulch day after day and getting it by hard honest toil. But he was tripped up at last, and died a cringing, miserable coward on a gallows of his own construction.

But They Wrote No Fish Stories.

Many of the apostles were fishermen, my son, but you can read the Bible through and never find where one of them fills up a chapter of 1,500 words, telling how it took four hours and a half to land a ten ounce trout with a nine ounce rod of split bamboo. Indeed, the largest fish story in the Bible was told by a man who, so far as we know, never caught a fish in his life, but was rather taken in by one the first time he went to sea. The same rule holds good until this day. The man with the smallest string tells the biggest story.

A proverb is the wit of one and the wisdom of many.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 14, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

China! AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.

Dry-goods! TO SUIT EVERYBOBY.

In Laces AND Embroideries

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte. D. GARMAN & SON.

China! Dry-goods! In Laces Merchants' Place, Bellefonte. D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mr. M. B. Duck, of Gregg, gave our sanctum a call.

——Don't forget that trout fishing season ends on the 15th.

——Considerable bark is being shipped from this station.

——Philip Mersinger left for Altoona on Tuesday of last week.

——Red cherries were sold here last week for 2 cents a quart.

——Geo. M. Harter, proprietor of the red-mill, gave our sanctum a call.

——Every book borrower should become a member of a returning board.

——A cow was killed near Linden Hall one day last week by the afternoon train.

——Read the advertisement of Fisher's new confectionery and grocery in this issue.

——Tickets sold at Centre Hall station on 3rd inst., amounted to seventy dollars.

——Andy Musser, of Aaronsburg, who went to Kansas in the spring, is home again.

——The ore mines at Scotia, this county, are now being operated to their fullest capacity.

——The festival at Aaronsburg netted the Mite society about $50 on Saturday evening last.

——The brick machine in operation at Millheim is to be removed to near Bellefonte.

——Large quantities of wire fence and fence machines are shipped from our station daily.

——Miss Cora Elwert, of Williamsport, is visiting her friend Grace Smith in this place.

——H. H. Yearick, and family, of Philadelphia, are visiting his parents at Aaronsburg.

——The Spring Mills band has fixed on Saturday next for a harvest home picnic, at Rising Spring.

——While through the west there are complaints of drouth, we in this section are having enough of rain.

——The Bellefonte ball team was defeated, on 3d, at Bellefonte, by a nine from Mill Hall; score 15 to 11.

——W. H. Smith, of near Millheim, has a field of wheat the stalks of which average about 6½ feet in length.

——Musser's foundry at Millheim will soon be put in operation with Messrs. F. Knarr and D. Luse, proprietors.

——Mr. Sechler and family, of Bellefonte, passed through our town last Wednesday en route for the cave.

——The wife of Rev. Brubaker, of Nittany, has been suffering for some three months past from an abscess.

——The Knights of Labor pic-nic, on 3, at Bellefonte, was attended by a large number from this side of the county.

——Sam Foust's remedy against potato bugs is the latest out. He might be elected sheriff on the strength of it.

——Miss Flora Love, of this place, has gone to Sydney, Ohio, which place she will make her home for some time.

——It is reported that nearly half of the wheat through the Lebanon valley has been destroyed by the army-worm.

——Some farmers about Salona finished cutting grain as early as July 3. The wheat in that section is an average crop.

—— Centre Hall had quite a nice display of fire works on the evening of the 3rd. Several large balloons were sent up.

——The Automatic Fence Machine Co. expect to have a large number of their machines manufactured at this place.

——Miss Carrie Bowser, of Martinsburg, visited the Rev. Heckmans' family last week. The lady is an amatuer elocutionist.

——Several new walks were laid during the past week, and with one or two exceptions our side walks are in first class condition.

——Posters are up announcing that proposals will be received for the erection of the new creamery building at Spring Mills.

——Some of our farmers will have very little work harvesting. In some places the grain is hardly worth the trouble of cutting.

——At Korman's store, Oak Hall, 10 cts. is paid for butter, 10 cents for eggs, and keep for sale dry goods, notions and groceries.

——Since the opening of the hotel at the cave travel to that place has increased and instead of large pic-nics and hack loads there are more smaller parties.

SAD DROWNING.

Saturday morning, 3rd, the people of our town were shocked to hear of the death of Mrs. Neff, widow of Col. Josiah Neff, of Centre Hill. Mrs. Neff arose that morning and told her daughter Susan she might see to the work at the barn while she remained in the house to prepare breakfast. After the return of the daughter from the barn, she observed the dress of her mother on the cistern pump and the plank of the platform removed, which at once led her to suspect the sad reality—for she discovered the old lady in the cistern beneath. Powerless to do anything to rescue her she hastened to Centre Hill and called Mr. Strohm, who found the old lady drowned in the cistern.

For some time there were indications of mental aberration observed in Mrs. Neff, which culminated as above. Mrs. Neff was a woman greatly esteemed by all who knew her; she had been a dutiful wife and the kindliest of mothers, and had ever led a Christian life. This sad ending of her earthly existence has cast a gloom over the neighborhood. She leaves a daughter and two sons—the latter in the west—to mourn her sad death.

——Rev. Fischer's sermon at this place last Sabbath, was the history of the Lutheran congregation at Centre Hall, organized 32 years ago. His discourse was a comparison of the condition of the state, the church, then and now, and of the advancements made in science, civilization and religion in that short space of time. He dwelt particularly on the condition of our town thirty-two years ago when our population was about fifty inhabitants and the changes which have taken place since. He said that there was nothing astounding about its growth and development as has been the case with other places—yet to-day we have a population of about six hundred, with public improvements and industries, which many do not appreciate but of which our citizens can feel proud. The account of the organization and list of original twenty-eight members was read. Nine of the original twenty-eight still survive, seven of whom united themselves with congregations in other parts, while Wm. Wolf and Uriah D. Osman are the only two remaining members of the original organization. In this time the congregation has erected three edifices for worship and assisted in building the parsonage. The misfortunes of the congregation have been many yet its growth has not been retarded. Considering their condition and circumstances their career has been an exceptional one.

Rev. Fischer has been pastor of the congregation for ten years and in that time has received seven calls from other congregations and as many requests to preach trial sermons.

——Mrs. Benton Ulrich, a daughter of Maj. J. B. Fisher, of Penn Hall, died at the home of her parents on Wednesday evening, 30 ult. Mrs. Ulrich had been confined, from the effects of which she was seriously ill for some three weeks, which finally terminated fatally. The young woman had been married only about a year, and lived at Selinsgrove with her husband previous to her visit to her parents where she took ill and died. The babe, we believe, survives the mother. We sympathize with our bro. editor, Mr. Ulrich, in this sad bereavement.

——Some three weeks ago we noticed the fact that there were two sales advertised for the property of J. C. Motz—one by the U. S. Marshall and one by the Sheriff of Centre county. The U. S. Marshall had his sale fixed two days earlier than the sheriff, and we were anxious to learn who had the best foothold in this case. It appears that the U. S. Marshall had the law in his favor, as Mr. Motz appeared at Pittsburg on the day fixed for the sale by the Marshall and paid off the judgement of $5000 obtained against him in the U. S. Court and the sale was stopped.

——A reorganization of the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern Railroad Company has been effected. The company was reorganized under the name of Beech Creek Railroad Company and the following officers were elected: President, Wm. A. Wallace; Directors, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Daniel Beach, George H. Platt, Jos. M. Gazzam and George F. Baer; Secretary, Allyn Cox; Solicitor, Hon. S. B. Peale.

——Spring Mills is on a fair way to have a boom. Mr. Runk is remodeling his saw-mill and will run a cider mill in connection with it. Mr. Bibby is putting up a distillery and another party is about to start a creamery. With cider, whiskey and fresh butter, things should go lively down there. Spring Mills has many advantages for parties that want to engage in industries.

——In another column will be found the cards of L. A. Shafer and Aaron Williams, who announce themselves as candidates for Prothonotary. They are both excellent men and Democrats of the purest stamp—devoid of any species of trickery and meanness. Either of them, if nominated, will be strong on the ticket.

J. C. Meyer's card also appears as a candidate for Dist. Attorney. He is a young man of excellent qualifications, and bears a good reputation.

——On Tuesday, July 6, the shingle mill on Whitmer's siding, near Spring Mills, owned and operated by Krumrine & Co., was destroyed by fire. The men had quit work at noon and were eating their dinner when they discovered part of the roof of the mill near the smoke stack on fire, and before the flames could be checked they rapidly spread and soon reduced the building to ashes. A large stock of lumber and shingles were consumed along with the tools and machinery of the mill. The mill was a new one and has been in operation but a short time.

——The widow of Rev. Dr. Isaac Grier, of Mifflinburg, died at her residence on 23d ult. Her funeral occurred on the 25th ult., and was attended by a very large concourse of friends and neighbors. Among the former was her nephew, Rev. John B. Grier, pastor of the Lewisburg Presb. church.

——Harry Camp, son of Wm. R. Camp, formerly of this place, was seriously injured about the head and face, a few days ago, by being tramped by a horse, at his grandfather's, in Milroy. The boy got under the horse's feet in some manner, with the above serious results.

——The resolutions of the county prohibitionists adopted at their last convention appear in this issue. They were handed us for last week's issue but on account of lack of space they were held over.

BASE-BALL AT LEMONT.

On 3rd the Centre Hall nine excurted by rail to Lemont, to meet the nine of that town in a match game. Quite a number of families with well filled lunch baskets, accompanied our boys—we suppose the crowd from here numbered upwards of fifty. The train stopped about ½ mile this side of Lemont, at Dale's meadow, to let off the party. The first thing to do was to get thro' a barb wire fence to enter the field. The first one to undertake this feat was our fat, jolly friend George Jack, of Boalsburg.—George went through with a smile and without a scratch, and of course the most of the folks followed, the others taking a round about way rather than run the risk of the barbs, among the latter the ladies, of whom there was a goodly number. The south side of the meadow having a rise afforded the spectators a fine view of the game. One discomfort being the want of shade trees, and those were fortunate who had umbrellas. With a barb wire fence for backing we squatted opposite the elite on the bench of the meadow, and took notes. The game was a close one, both sides playing admirably.

THE GAME.

The above game was arranged to be played between teams from Centre Hall and Lemont, but if the team which appeared on the field against our boys was really from Lemont, that place must have recently extended its boundaries. The following is the list of the players:

Hamm'l 1 b & p, Oak Hall.
Shafer, 3 b, Boalsburg.
Foster, s s & p, Lemont.
Armstrong, c f, Lemont.
Etters, r f, Lemont.
Jackson, l f, State College.
R. Foster, 1 b, do
Mitchell, 2 b, do
Gibson, c, do

Nearly every man in above team is an old ball player and some have even held positions in professional clubs. From the start our boys took the lead and kept it until to the last inning, when a bad muff in the field let in two runs and thereby lost the game. The game was a very close one and some fine plays were made on both sides. Our boys played a winning game but one or two costly errors lost all. Runkle's running catch, Smith's hot liner taken on 3rd and catching done by Harpster were the chief features of the game. The Centre Hall battery did good work, striking out eight men and had but three balls knocked out of the diamond. The following is the score:

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Lemont.....	2	1	1	1	0	2	0	2	2	—11
Centre Hall..	1	2	0	2	4	1	0	0	0	—10

Umpire, Will Kurtz.

The Centre Hall team was composed of the following players:

Geo. Benner, 2b; D. A. Boozer, 1b; Ike Harpster, c; W. L. Runkle, c f; A. L. Katherman, s s; H. W. Smith, 3 b; U. S. Grant Meyers, r f; C. R. Kurtz, p.

The boys were well treated by the Lemont club, which they will endeavor to repay in a return game at this place some time in the near future.

——Any of our friends intending to visit New York, will be pleased to learn that their well-known and favorite stopping place, French's Hotel, is ready to receive them. The house has been in the hands of skilled workmen for months and is completely renovated. Every hall and room has handsome Brussels carpets, and all the furniture is new, and of cherry or mahogany, while innumerable French plate looking glasses adorn the walls in every part of the house. The general dining room is one of the largest and handsomest in the city, and is, with the private dining rooms, elaborately furnished. All the sleeping rooms have electric call bells used for awaking guests, without the old-fashioned kicking on the doors, and ample ventilation. One of the new proprietors, Mr. F. W. Coleman, was for several years manager and part owner, and still owns one-fourth of the Carrollton Hotel, Baltimore, and is the son of the late and far-famed Robert B. Coleman of the Astor House. The hotel is kept on the European plan, the price of rooms being $1 per day, and the bill of fare is equal to any first-class hotel in the city, though the prices are very moderate. See the card of the hotel in another column.

AN OLD CITIZEN.

James Grove, of Spring Mills, formerly a citizen of Logan Mills, who is now 77 years old, visited Peter Emig, of Logan Mills, (who is 80 years old,) a companion of his many years ago. The two old gentlemen spent a very happy time together, as they had not seen each other for many years. It was interesting to listen to them speaking of the days of their youth, and compare them with the present. These two gentlemen were both skillful workmen and both rendered a helping hand in the construction of the large stone mill at Logan Mills, erected by Col. Anthony Kleckner. Mr. Grove states that he was the first Supt. of a Sunday School in this valley, held at the school house known as the Bridges school near Logan Mills. He also remarked that he opened the first prayer-meeting in the western part of Sugar Valley in 1834 at the residence of Mr. Michael Ketner, and assisted John Heller, Sr., of Logansville, a co-laborer in the cause of Christ, to start one near about that place. We would like to have the cares of life of many more such men from our valley.—Sugar Valley Journal.

——The Lock Haven Democrat says: The wheel of progress is not standing still in Lock Haven. The latest industry to be located within our limits is a cigar box factory. Negotiations have been pending for a short time between Messrs. Thompson Still, proprietors of the Eagleville cigar box factory, and parties here looking toward the removal of the factory to this city. This new cigar box factory will be located in Harmon's brick warehouse, now occupied by Judge Smith as a tobacco warehouse, the Judge vacating a large enough portion to allow the new factory working room. At the start only fifteen or twenty hands will be employed, but it is expected to increase the force at an early day.

——Lock Haven capitalists propose to switch the Beech Creek Railroad into the heart of that city; and in addition promise if the managers of that road locate their car shops there that they will pay $25,000, five thousand of which Solicitor Peale agrees to pay.

——Rev. Geo. Diven, late pastor of the Boalsburg Luth. charge, is enjoying a two months' vacation at Salona among friends. He is the successful pastor of the Lutheran Mission at Atchison, Kas. He likes the west and has succeeded in gathering quite a following in that large city.

——Mrs. David Neidigh, of Haines township, had a paralytic stroke in the early part of last week and lived but a short time afterwards.

COAL IN NIPPENOSE VALLEY.

For some time past several farmers in the upper end of Nippenose valley, in that part which juts over into Clinton county, have entertained the idea that coal exists there. Finally they went to work and started a shaft as a test, and at the depth of 250 feet a three foot vein of anthracite is reported to have been struck. As a further test, preparations are now being made to sink a second shaft, and if necessary it will be put down 500 feet in order to find out the exact size of whatever veins may exist there.

——The Centre Hall ball team appeared in full uniform in the game at Lemont, on 3d. They have adopted blue shirt, knee breeches and stockings with white belt and hat. They present a fine appearance in the field and can play a good game of ball.

——Our neighbor across the street, Mr. Wm. Wolf, while picking cherries yesterday, from some cause fell from a step ladder, alighting on his head. The shock confused his mind for a short time. Save a slight pain from the fall, he soon felt all right again.

——The amount of money returned to the state department by the commissioners of Clinton county as being liable to state tax by reason of being invested in mortgages, judgment, etc., is $1,142,000. Last year the amount returned was only $182,560.

——LEMONT.—Ticket agent Dreese is putting up a new house, ditto Andrew Whitehill. Commencement made travel through Lemont lively. A horse died for And. Whitehill a week ago.

——Mr. J. A. Reesman yesterday started on a trip west with a view to look up a location and moving out with his family if he finds the outlook more encouraging than at Centre Hall.

——Mr. D. C. Keller handed us several stocks of timothy which grew on his lot near town, and measure five feet in length, which is a sample of the rest in the field.

——John Young, an old and respected citizen, of Haines twp., died on the 10th instant. He had a paralytic stroke some weeks ago and was perfectly helpless.

——Mr. T. Benton Ulrich, formerly editor of the Selinsgrove *Times*, gave the REPORTER a call.

——Wednesday morning a thunder gust passed over this section bringing a refreshing rain for which all will feel grateful.

——As the harvest is about over, the farmers of our valley will be looking around for material for new fences and for repairing the old ones before putting in the next crop. In doing so they can not do better than to get the celebrated Link Barb Wire of McFarlane & Co. It has proved itself the best in use.

——The oats crop promises to be a large one especially in this section of the valley.

——Mr. Belford, of Milton, is spending a few days of his summer vacation at this place. Mr. Belford has the reputation of being the best cutter in this section of the state. He is in the employ of Heinen & Schroyer.

——Rev. Wilson, of New York, who is spending part of his summer vacation at his old home in Spring Mills, spent a few hours in this place on Tuesday.

——A large party from Bellefonte took supper at the hotel, in this place, on Tuesday evening.

——Band festivals are plenty.

——From present appearances Burgess Rishel will have one of the most desirable dwellings in Centre Hall.

——A long-looked for and happy event took place at Centre Hall on Wednesday morning. For further information read marriage notices of this issue.

——Candidates are getting as plenty as June bugs.

——A game of ball will be played between Bellefonte and Williamsport teams on Friday afternoon, 16, at Bellefonte.

——On Thursday evening, July 15th, Mr. Walter T. Mills, of the editorial staff of *The Voice*, the principal organ of the Prohibition party, will lecture in the Foundry Hall, in this place. The subject of the lecture will be, "Political Parties and Public Questions." Mr. Mills has the reputation of being one of the best lecturers in the party to-day, and no doubt will be a treat for our people to hear him discuss this question. All are invited to come and hear him; admission free.

Since writing the above we have been requested to announce that Mr. Mills will lecture to-night, (Wednesday,) also. The prayer meetings in the different churches have been postponed.

——IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Persons who have made small subscriptions on account of the Centre Hall Lutheran church, will greatly oblige by paying same if possible, on Saturday afternoon, July 24, when preparatory services will be held. Those having large subscriptions can pay over a portion. Laborers on the church want money and should be paid, hence it is to be hoped that this request will be responded to either on the above occasion or before. Money can be paid over to the pastor, Rev. Wm. E. Fischer.

By request of the Committee.

——To clear stock for this season, I will sell my stock of Canaries, Red birds and Goldfinchs at almost cost. This is a good opportunity to secure a fine singer at a small cost. J. D. MURRAY.

MILTON LOSES, AS USUAL.

The final route of the long-talked-of railroad between the North and West Branch rivers has been settled and Milton has lost the prize. A charter has been granted by the State Department to the Wilkesbarre & Western Railroad company, into which has been merged that of the Milton and Mountain line. The road starts at Watsontown, running by way of McEwensville, Turbutville, Jerseytown, Millville and Fishingcreek to Shickshinny. Already a large force of men are at work and in a very few days the corps will be largely increased.—Milton Argus.

RAVAGES OF CHOLERA IN ITALY.

Rome, July 9.—The cholera returns for to-day are: Brindisi 128 new cases, 78 deaths; Latiano 52 cases, 22 deaths; Fontana 47 cases, 21 deaths. Minister Grimaldi is visiting and scouring the sufferers. Full quarantine has been ordered at Alexandria, Egypt, against all arrivals from Austria and Italy because of the increase of cholera in Italy.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER HOT WAVE.

St. Paul, Minn., July 11.—Another hot wave is advancing from the west, which will probably equal if not surpass, the one last week. At Fort Keogh, Mon.' the thermometer to-day registered 110 degrees in the shade, and it was higher in other parts of the Territory.

Reports from the Upper Missouri Valley say the crops are not looking well and are greatly in need of rain. The hot, unclouded sun curls up the grass on the ranges, drying all the moisture from it. There will, therefore, be a falling off in the number of cattle shipped from these ranges this year, as the grass is in no condition to fatten stock for market.

A NEW COAL MINE IN CLINTON COUNTY.

Lock Haven, July 12.—Mr. Geo. Armstrong left this morning for Westport to superintend the opening of a coal mine on the lands of Kintzing & Mann, at the two-mile run on Kettle creek. Mr. Armstrong is a practical man in the business and expects to develop a fine vein of bituminous coal on the lands of Messrs. Kintzing & Mann.

MR. GARLAND NOT TO RESIGN.

Washington, July 8.—It is learned, on the highest authority, that there is no truth in the published reports that Attorney-General Garland intends resigning from the Cabinet at an early day, or that the President has ever intimated in any way that he desires his resignation.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

Kites at Murray's.

Calla Lily flour, full roller process, and guaranteed a superior article, for sale by And. Harter, Millheim. tf

——Tetter, Scrofula and Erysipelas cured for 25 cents. Dr. Smith's Salve. At druggists. No patent remedy.

FOR SALE.—A new two-story house and lot with stable, at Centre Hall station. Apply to F. Kurtz. tf

Blank tax receipts and tax notices to be had at REPORTER office. tf

——Steady employment during the next 12 months on salary is offered in another column by the Van Dusens of Geneva. They are an old and reliable firm. 23jun3t

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, at Centre Hill, on the 13 inst., one ewe and two lambs. The lambs are not docked. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.
Jas. B. Strohm.
Jas. Ott, Town Clerk. jun 30

ESTRAY.—Came to the residence of the undersigned, at the old Foust homestead, Potter twp., about July 2, a 2-yearling red bull, with white belley, and heavy neck. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs, and remove the same, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.
G. K. DECKER.
JAS. OTT, Town Clerk. jul14

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will exposed at public sale on the premises, near Tusseyville, Centre county, on Saturday, August 14, at 1 oclock p. m., an elegant farm residence, late the property of Hon. John K. Runkle, decd. The same being a tract of land containing about 79 Acres, more or less, and in a state of high cultivation. The farm is one of the best producing in Penns valley. There are about 10 Acres of good timber land adjoining it, which will be sold with the farm. There are two good Orchards, one just beginning to bear. Good well and cistern water at the door. But one mile to church, school house and postoffice. As a farm residence for location, convenience and comfort it is unsurpassed by any in the county.
Terms of Sale.—One-third of purchase money on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.
LUCINDA RUNKLE,
Administratrix.
SPANGLER & HEWES, Attorneys for Estate.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 13.—There was bid for wheat 86½ for July; 86 for August.
Corn, 45 bid for July and 46 for Aug.
Oats—39½ bid for July; 35 for August, 34 for Sept.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET

Beef cattle were fairly active. Extra 5¾a6, good 5¼a5½, medium 4¾a5, and common 3¾a4¼.
Fat cows were dull 2¼a3¾.
Milch cows were dull at $30a$60.
Veal calves were dull at 4a6.
Sheep were in fair request and firm. Extra 5a5¼, good 4¾a4¾, medium 4¾a5, common 1¾a3½, lambs 4a8.
Hogs were fairly active at 7a7¼ for Western.

STATE SENATOR.

We are authorized to announce that C. T. Alexander, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for Senator, subject to Democratic rules.

CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce that J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Congress, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. W. Shafer, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Aaron Williams, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for district attorney, subject to Democratic usages.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday morning, at 9 a. m. at the home of the bride, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. Sidney Bairfoot, and Miss Flora O. Neff, both of Centre Hall. The couple have the REPORTER's congratulations and wishes of unbroken happiness. The wedding was strictly private on account of the illness of the mother of the bride.

By the same, at the Luth. parsonage, June 27, Willis A. Brown and Della C. Williams, both of Spring Mills.

DIED.

Mother Pauly, near Tusseyville, aged 67 years, 3 months and 5 days.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.
Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1886.

BUTTER.		
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		16
" Western "		17
EGGS.		
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz.....crates		13
" " " " .....bbls		12¾
Western, ex brands " .....crates		12½
LIVE POULTRY.		
Fowls, straight, nearby.....per lb		10½
" mixed " ..... "		10
" Western, straight..... "		10½
" " mixed ..... "		10
Spring Chickens..... "	10	18
Roosters..... "		8
Ducks, Spring ..... "		12
DRESSED POULTRY.		
Fowls, extra..... per lb		11
" choice ..... "		10½
" scalded..... "		10
Chickens, Spring..... "	20	25
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.		
Calves, Del & Md, prime..... per lb		6¼
" Fair to good..... "		6
" Common stock..... "		5
Sheep, prime..... "		5
Lambs, extra..... "	$3.00	4.50
Live Cattle..... "		6
Hogs, live..... "		5¼
Pigs, live..... "		9
SEEDS.		
Timothy..... per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover..... per lb	9¼	10
Flax..... per bu		1 40
WOOL.		
Tub-Washed..... per lb	28	30
Unwashed..... "	18	20
FEATHERS.		
Choice Geese..... per lb		48
Prime " ..... "	44	46
Chicken ..... "	4	3
Turkey, as to quality..... "	4	5
Duck ..... "	25	30
HIDES.		
Hides, Dry..... per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted..... "	10	12
Hides, Green, Steer..... "	6½	7
" " Cow..... "		6
" " Bull..... "	4	6¼
" Salted Steer..... "		9
" Cow..... "		8
Sheep Skins, per piece.....	85	1 25
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Lard, Country 10 s, prime..... per lb		6¼
Tallow, Solid..... "		4½
" Cake..... "		4½
Honey in Comb..... "		11
Country Soap..... "		4

☞Price Current subject to Market Fluctuation

ESTATE OF JOHN G. SANKEY, DECEASED. Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Sankey, late of Potter township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Clement Dale, residing in Bellefonte, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. CLEMENT DALE,
2jun6t Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Wagner, Sr., deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
JACOB WAGNER,
16jun6t J. H. WAGNER,
Executors, Tusseyville, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Wm. Mallory, late of ... having been granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make ... claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated ...
2jun6t
Administrator, Potters Mills, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Bloom, deceased, late of Ferguson twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
M. L. RISHEL, Adm'r.
2jun6t Farmers Mills, Pa.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The 30th session of six weeks, opens on Monday July 26, 1886, for the teaching and training of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address, F. C. MOYER, Musical Director, Freeburgh, Pa. 16jun4

NEW CONFECTIONERY AND GROCERY,
IN THE OLD BANK BUILDING, CHURCH ST.
I keep a full line of
CANDIES, NUTS,
TROPICAL FRUITS
TOBACCO AMD SEGARS
I am also prepared to furnish families with
—SWISS — MEAD—
—on Wednesdays and Saturdays.—
Give me a call.
7jul2m C. W. Fisher.

Testimonials are voluntarily coming of the great virtue of Keller's Catarrh Remedy, the great blood purifier of the world. Its success is wonderful. A trial only is asked for it. See advertisement in this paper.

In this age of adulterated goods it is a pleasure to find an article that is absolutely pure. Such an artitcle is Dreydoppel's Borax Soap, and the price is so reasonable that there is no excuse for anybody using common adulterated soap. jul

I had given myself up as lost on account of inherited scrofula. Tried every thing for purifying the blood without benefit until I used Parker's Tonic, and can truthfully say that it has cured me. I still use it for its splendid effect on my general health. H. K. Lynd, Chicago. ju

"Her features are not attractive, yet what an attractive face she has." It is her beautiful hair. Once it was thin, grayish and fading. A few bottles of Parker's Hair Balsam wrought the transformation. It will do as much for anybody. jul

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
As a Remedy for Pulmonary Affections and Scrofulous Diseases.
Dr. Ira M. Lang, a prominent physician in New York, says: I am greatly pleased with your Emulsion. Have found it very serviceable in above diseases, and it is easily administered on account of its palatableness. jul

YOUNG MEN.
Boys and Middle-aged Men & Young Ladies trained for a successful start in business life at Coleman College, Newark, N. J. Life scholarship $60. No Vacations. Graduates secured when desired. Illustrated catalogue mailed on application. Henry Coleman, Pres. Edwin Wilson, Sec.

Beware of frauds.—Be sure you get the genuine Dr. Thoma's Eclectric Oil. It cures colds, croup, asthma, deafness and rheumatism.

The Balsamic healing and soothing properties of Samaritan Nervine are marvelous.
"My brother aged 19 had fits from his infancy. Samaritan Nervine cured him." A. W. Curtis, Osakis, Minn. $1.50 at druggists.